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TALES FROM THE AMAZON

By ELSIE SPICER EELLS

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With ten illustrations by
FLORENCE CHOATE and
ELIZABETH CURTIS

The twenty-six stories in this volume are taken from the folklore of South America, and possess that fascination which always hovers about tales which are based on legends. Some of them are droll, some are fantastic; some tell of birds and beasts; of the South American Indians' idea of the beginning of the world and of natural things; some explain quaint customs and others reflect the childlike trust and faith of these simple savages. They constitute a delightful and unhackneyed contribution to fairy literature.

For boys and girls from 10 years up

DODD, MEAD & COMPANY

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BY
ELSIE SPICER EELLS

With Illustrations by
FLORENCE CHOATE
and
ELIZABETH CURTIS

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TALES FROM THE AMAZON

I

THE MAGIC TOOTH

THE very first Christmas I spent in Brazil I received among other gifts a tiger's tooth and an ostrich's toenail, each mounted appropriately in silver as a pendant. Maria, the ama, who had Indian blood in her veins, did not view these gifts with the same enthusiasm as she displayed concerning the bright tinsel and paper chains which decorated the lemon tree which had been set up in our big dining room to serve as our family Christmas tree.

"The tooth of the tiger and the ostrich's toenail are of no great value as charms," she told me. "They are of very little worth in comparison to the tooth of the curupira."

"And what sort of a beast is the curupira?" I asked, for I had never happened to hear it mentioned. I had learned that the word "bichu" is used for everything from an elephant to a flea, so I was confident that it was a proper designation for this new curupira.

With a look of horror on her swarthy face Maria made the gesture of silence, as she said to me in a shocked whisper, "I hope, Senhora, that the curupira did not hear you call him a beast."

"Is there one nearby who might overhear my disrespectful designation?" I asked, amused at her concern.

"That there is not is for the Senhora to hope," was her answer. "And indeed it is quite probable that one did not hear, for we are far from the forest and it is in the depths of the forests that the curupira dwells to be their guardian and protector. His feet turn both ways so that one cannot follow his tracks, not knowing whether he is going forward or backward. Bald is he, with huge ears standing out from his head; one-eyed, and with a hairy body. If one hears

a sudden noise in the forest one knows that it is the curupira tapping the trees to find out whether they are strong enough to endure the force of the tempests. If one injures a forest tree one wanders, lost forever in the forest. Game in the forest must be killed, not merely wounded; that is the law of the curupira."

"And a very wise law," I agreed. "But what about the tooth of the curupira which holds magic?"

"Blue-green are his teeth," she answered, "and more to be prized are they than the precious emerald. There is nothing else which makes such magic for its wearer as does the blue-green tooth of the curupira."

Maria was wearing a snow-white camisa and a gay magenta skirt in honor of our Christmas festivities. About her neck were several strings of gay beads, — red, yellow, green and blue. Now she pulled from amid them a slender cord from which hung a single bead, blue-green in color.

"The tooth of the curupira was given to me by the mother of my mother," she said proudly.

"And she had it from the mother of her own mother."

Thrilled by her pride, I reverently examined the little blue-green bead which had been the tooth of the guardian of the forests.

"Tell me all you know about this curupira," I urged with excitement. "It is the most interesting thing I have heard."

Then and there, sitting beneath our dismantled Christmas tree, I began learning about South American folklore, as Maria told me this story:

From the mother of my mother there comes a tale of a hunter who injured a little fruit tree when he plucked its fruit, tearing it badly. The name of this man was El-lal; and because of what he had done, the curupira led him astray in the deep forest so that he could not find his way home. Wandering here and there, despairing of ever seeing again his own fireside and his wife and children, he penetrated where the forest is so thick that the sun rarely breaks through its leafy roof, where monkeys chatter in the trees

by the thousands, and where parrots scream and cry all day long. Here among the ferns and mosses he lay down to rest, and in spite of the forest sounds he fell asleep.

Suddenly he was awakened by a strange voice asking, "What are you doing here, my brother?"

Looking up, he caught the flash of blue-green teeth, one bright shrewd eye, a bald head and a hairy face and body.

"I am lost!" cried he, springing up in fright, for now he was fully aware that it was the curupira who had led him astray. "I went to sleep here among the ferns and mosses beneath the trees because I was so tired from my wanderings. Have pity upon me, good curupira! Is not a man worth as much as a tree?"

"That is something for me to think about," replied the curupira thoughtfully. "To understand a man one must know his heart. Give me a piece of your heart."

Now it happened that the man had killed a monkey, planning to build a little fire and make a stew. Quickly his sharp hunting knife slipped into his pouch, cutting out the monkey's

heart. A slice of this he presented to the curupira.

"Delicious!" cried the curupira, gobbling it down greedily. "Give me the rest of it."

So El-lal offered him the remaining portions of the heart and the curupira lost no time in swallowing them.

"Now give me a piece of your heart," said El-lal.

"Let me borrow your hunting knife," replied the curupira and in a moment more he had cut out his own heart and lay dead at the hunter's feet.

You may be sure that El-lal was decidedly surprised. And now, because the curupira was not alive to lead him astray, he had no difficulty in finding his way home. When he told his wife all that had happened, she broke into loud wailing.

"The curupira's teeth!" she cried. "There in those blue-green teeth was lying the magic to protect us all from evil for the rest of our lives! Oh, why were you so foolish as not to bring them home for beads?"

The truth of the matter was that El-lal had been so amazed by what had happened that he had never thought of the teeth for a moment.

"Perhaps I can go back and get them for you," he consoled his wife by saying. "At any rate I can try."

After that the man spent all the time possible in seeking to follow the same paths by which he had been lost in the depths of the forest. And each night when he went home his wife greeted him with tears and scolding words.

"Oh, how could you have been so foolish as not to obtain the teeth of the curupira when they were lying there at your feet?" was the burden of her remarks.

Though he tried faithfully to find his way back to the place where he had fallen asleep, it was a whole year before he accomplished this. Then one day when he was hunting game, not searching for the curupira particularly, he suddenly stumbled upon a tiny skeleton lying among the ferns and mosses beneath the trees.

"The curupira!" cried he. "Now is my

chance to take home to my wife these blue-green teeth at last!"

So saying, he took his sharp hunting knife and cut out one of the blue-green teeth. To his amazement, the curupira suddenly sat up, rubbing his one eye and scratching his bald head. The tooth dropped from the hunter's hands and without a word the curupira restored it to its place.

"I had lain down to sleep for a moment," he yawned. "It is quite time I woke up, so thank you, my brother, for awakening me."

Now El-lal was so surprised and shocked that he could find no words with which to answer this remark. He just stood there staring, his eyes big and wide and his mouth open.

"Thank you, my brother," said the curupira. "For this thoughtful deed I must make you a present."

Poor El-lal had been scolded so much about not bringing home the teeth for beads that for a second he hoped that the curupira would open his mouth and pull out at least one of them. But that was not the gift the forest guardian

had in mind. Instead, he handed El-lal an arrow.

"This is one of my magic arrows," said he. "I give them only to those hunters whom I love most of all. This arrow will bring you good hunting, but see to it that you tell no man or no woman."

There was nothing for El-lal to do but take the arrow, thanking the curupira politely and not mentioning how much he would have preferred one of the blue-green teeth to appease his wife's anger.

With this new arrow, however, El-lal had no need to fear his wife's harsh tongue. Now he kept her so busy preparing the game which he brought home to cook that she did not have time to worry about lost opportunities. From an indifferent hunter, sometimes lucky and sometimes not, overnight he had turned into one who always brought home great quantities of game.

"How does he do it?" she asked the children, and proudly she told her sons to follow in their father's footsteps when it came to hunting.

"He is the most skillful hunter in the whole wide world!"

Now not far from El-lal's home there was a place in the mountains where the cliff ran straight up, a place where the rocks were so smooth and slippery that no man had ever been able to climb them. At the top of this cliff there grew a hollow tree and here, from a crevice under the branches, the Bird with the Evil Eye watched and waited for its victims. At the foot of the cliff the ground was white with bones, for at one look from that evil eye, the strongest beast fell dead. That foul nest in the hollow of the old tree spread terror in the hearts of brave hunters, for there was none of them able to shoot an arrow far enough to reach the Bird of the Evil Eye and there was nobody sufficiently sure-footed to creep near to it up those slippery rocks.

Often El-lal had heard stories about this baleful bird, and when at last the fame of his successful hunting had spread far and wide it was suggested that here had risen one with an arrow sure enough and far-reaching enough to

slay the pest. A very dangerous undertaking it would be, however, for one glance from the Bird of the Evil Eye and man or beast would add his bones to the huge pile already whitening at the foot of the cliff. It would be necessary to see the Bird with the Evil Eye before he spied his pursuer.

So much had been said about the merits of El-lal's bow and arrow that the day came when it seemed necessary for him to volunteer to rid the country of its old enemy. For many weeks he had been practicing shooting high up into the air, and so sure of its mark was his arrow that there was no doubt in any heart that he would be successful if only he might spy the bird before the bird saw him.

"If you only had a curupira's tooth to wear!" mourned his wife, as he set out upon his dangerous errand. "With that charm you could not fail."

It was so long since he had heard any mention of the curupira's tooth that he smiled. For a moment he was sorely tempted to reassure her by telling her that it was the curupira's own

arrow which he carried. This rash impulse he checked just in time.

When El-lal approached the dangerous spot wherein one might be spied by the Bird of the Evil Eye he covered his body with the bright green branches of the trees, so that to a watching eye at the top of the rocky cliff there would be nothing in sight except the forest. Thus it was that he crept near. And with the far-reaching arrow given him by the curupira he shot the horrid bird before it turned its evil eye upon him. Down from its nest in the old hollow tree it fell over the rocks, striking the pile of bleaching bones and knocking them about wildly.

Very cautiously, lest he get in front of the eye, El-lal approached the gruesome pile. With his sharp hunting knife he cut off the bird's head, hiding it securely in his hunting pouch. Then he went home to be greeted as the hero of the forest.

If El-lal had been successful at hunting before this, now there was no word with which to measure the good hunting which was his. All there was any need of doing, if he spied a deer or a

panther or a jaguar, was to cautiously take the head of the Bird with the Evil Eye out from his hunting pouch and turn it in the direction of its prey. At that same moment the strongest fiercest beast would fall dead. Soon it came to pass that the forest was rid of all enemies dangerous to man and to the smaller and weaker ones among the beasts. But it was always with great care lest by any chance he might turn the eye toward himself that El-lal slew his prey. And he had sternly forbidden his wife and children to ever meddle with his hunting pouch.

"How does he do all this?" his mystified wife asked over and over again, for well she remembered those days when there had been scarcely game enough for dinner. "Perhaps it is true that he actually found one of the curupira's teeth and carries it for luck instead of giving it to me!"

This was a new idea and she turned it over and over in her mind. That very night she decided to search through the contents of his hunting pouch to see what she could find.

"Of course, that is where he keeps it!" she

chuckled when at last she heard him safely snoring in his hammock. "Is it not the hunting pouch that he has forbidden us all to touch? Now at last I shall be able to wear one of the curupira's teeth myself!"

Now El-lal always slept with his hunting pouch under his head these days. Very carefully and quietly, lest she waken the sleeping hunter, his wife slowly drew out the pouch. Opening it, she nearly screamed aloud with fright at what she saw there. And indeed it would have been fortunate if she had done so, for then El-lal might have wakened. There was nothing in the pouch but a horrid dead head!

Suddenly her startled screams broke the silence. There in his hammock where a moment before El-lal was snoring peacefully, he now lay dead, for the careless woman had accidentally turned the evil eye full upon him.

"What have I done! What have I done!" she cried in horror.

As she sprang back in fright the bird dropped to the ground, its evil eye upon her too. Then it was that the curupira who ever watches over

the welfare of those to whom he has given his magic arrows came to take away the Bird with the Evil Eye. Nobody has ever seen its horrid head since. As for El-lal he was restored immediately by the use of wax, but his wife the curupira allowed to lie where she had fallen.

"See to it, my brother," said the curupira, "that you never eat anything hot." This was his command to El-lal.

Now El-lal happened to be very fond indeed of hot potatoes roasted in the ashes. The very next day he forgot all about what the curupira had warned him, eating some of the potatoes as was his custom. Of course they melted the wax and that was the end of El-lal. But since that day there have been many famous hunters called El-lal, in memory of this one. Yet, great hunter though he was, because he once had injured a young tree, he never could obtain a curupira's tooth.

"Is the magic of the curupira's tooth more powerful than the Bird with the Evil Eye?" I asked, intent on learning more about the sub-

ject. "If El-lal had been wearing one of those blue-green teeth would he have been protected?"

"The magic of the curupira's tooth is stronger than any other magic," was Maria's answer. "Mightier is it than the power of any Bird with an Evil Eye. But to wear this blue-green charm one must prove by one's lips and by one's life that one is indeed a friend of the forest and all which grows therein."

II

KARU AND RAIRU

'Tis sunset hour;
From lofty summit of the royal palm-tree
The sabia's sweet call;
The tide comes in;
The gay wave-ladies
Don fair opalescent robes and sashes
And dance before the King;
O'er all God's sky,
A sky of rose and gold, of crimson and of fire.

Then darkness falls;
No gliding twilight as in northern countries,
Here darkness runs and leaps
Upon the earth;
Then shine the stars,
A myriad throng about their royal leader,
The Southern Cross; such stars
As dwellers north
In fancy paint or in some dream may dream of.

Beneath such stars
Are nurtured men and women full of fire.

In my Brazilian garden the glory of the sunset hour had faded and already the swift darkness was leaping down. Maria, the ama, had returned with our newspaper neatly folded on top of her head and held down by a stone to prevent it from blowing away. In Brazil one carries anything from a piano to a letter on one's head.

"In the beginning the world lay in darkness," said Maria. "This is a story my mother told me long ago at the hour when the darkness falls. She learned it from the lips of her grandmother and she in turn from the mother of her mother. It is a story which always is told when the night approaches."

"And then what happened?" I asked.

"Then so many things happened that at last the world was made as it is to-day," was her answer, as she began to tell me this tale about the beginning of the world:

In the beginning the world lay in darkness. It was without shape or form and the great Karu and his mighty son Rairu stumbled about in the

dark, unable to see where they were moving or what they were doing.

"And where did Karu and Rairu come from?" I interrupted, eager to know all there was to know about things.

"Karu and Rairu were there in the beginning," was Maria's answer, and I thought of a Book which starts, "In the beginning God."

They stumbled about in the darkness until suddenly Rairu hit against a great bowl-shaped stone.

"I've found something!" cried he to his father.

"Then pick it up and put it on your head!" commanded his father, Karu. (Perhaps that is why people still are putting things on their heads in South America; he set the style.)

So Rairu picked up the bowl-shaped stone, setting it firmly upon his head. At once it began to grow. It grew and grew until at last it formed the heavens. Then Rairu did not need to hold it on his head any longer. When he saw what had happened he knelt before his father, hailing him as the Heaven Maker, for

he it was who first suggested that Rairu should raise it aloft.

But Karu the father was angry because his son had been more clever than he at finding something in the darkness. He raged about in mighty anger so that Rairu ran away, hiding himself in the earth. There his father pursued him, raising his great arm to strike him.

"Do not strike me, father!" cried Rairu. "I have found something else! I have discovered things which may be very useful to work for us. At least we can try them and see what they can do!"

Interested by this suggestion, the great Karu at once let his huge right arm fall to his side.

"What is it that you have there?" he questioned, curious to know what new thing his clever son had found.

And so the First Peoples were allowed to issue forth from the cave in the deep bosom of the earth.

"Will they work?" asked Karu.

"We'll see," replied his son.

Then the First Peoples were set to work for

Karu and Rairu in the darkness. Some of them proved to be such industrious workers that they became the friends of Karu and Rairu at once. These were people like the good Surá of whom you shall hear later. And those who were lazy and would not work at all were changed at once into birds and bats, into pigs and butterflies. Not only industrious men but useful animals were there, beasts with coats of many colors, and some which still remain here, like the llama and the sheep. Karu found many which he was happy indeed to have work for him.

Now among the birds the vulture was the one elected to rule. The vultures had big beautiful balls of feathers which they had brought with them from out the cave. The ball belonging to the red vultures was of course a red one, while the one belonging to the white vultures was white. Even in the darkness these could be seen as they glowed and glimmered.

"Let us take these balls which belong to the vultures and raise them up into the heavens!" cried Karu to his son. "I am sure they will be far better there than here under our feet."

Then Rairu picked up the white ball while his father raised aloft the red one. In a little while they had grown and grown until they had become the moon and the sun. There in the heavens they shed down their fine lights upon the earth.

"That is very much better," said Karu. "Now we all can see what we are doing. And let us send away the darkness."

So Karu called the vultures who were mourning a bit because they had lost their balls. They liked ruling the other birds but they wanted the balls too! However, even then nobody could have everything!

"Here," said he to the vultures, "take the darkness and carry it away. With this fine new moon and sun in the heavens, the darkness is only a bother. We have had enough of it!"

And then the vultures took the darkness in their beaks, flying away with it to the four corners of the earth. Out of it, however, grew horrid monsters who were ever the enemies of Karu and Rairu, seeking to destroy the works they did.

When Karu and Rairu did not need to use the

sun and the moon they put them into huge pots, fastening on the lids to hold them securely inside.

"Now let us divide the day from the night," said Karu to his son.

Then Rairu unraveled a thread, saying, "Thou shalt be the pheasant cubuju to sing as day breaks," adding, as he whitened its head and reddened its feathers, "Thy voice shall always be heard at dawn of day."

Next Rairu unraveled another thread, saying, "Thou shalt be the inambu and mark the hours of the night." And this bird he powdered with cinders.

Even yet they are obedient to the voice of Rairu, the cubuju pheasant announcing the approach of day and the inambu marking the hours of evening, of midnight and of early dawn.

Now in those days practically all the waters in the world were fastened securely in the cave watched over by the Great Sea Serpent. It was getting very dry and Karu and Rairu often talked about the water they might like to use if it were not for the power of the Great Sea Serpent. He was the very fiercest and strongest

of the monsters, so old that he had been in the cave when the First Peoples had issued forth. Rairu had not been able to get him out. No matter how much they needed the water he well knew there was no use in attempting to drive him forth. The cave with all the waters still in it had been securely sealed up with a great stone which the combined efforts of Karu and Rairu had not been able to roll away, and it was the Great Sea Serpent who had done it!

Rairu often pondered over the problem of getting water, ever seeking for some method to obtain it. Then one day as he was hunting about the cave, hoping to think of some way by which the great stone could be moved at least a tiny crack, he suddenly stumbled against the hardest rock he had ever fallen upon.

"I have fallen against rocks before but never one like that!" moaned he, rubbing his huge knees and elbows. "Why are rocks so hard!"

Like a flash a new idea came to him. In his excitement he almost forgot how much his knees and elbows hurt. If this was the hardest rock

in the whole world, it might be useful. At least it was worth while to make some experiments with it.

Then Rairu discovered that the rock was so hard it would cut other rocks. Now at last he had found the way to get water for the world! Very cautiously, lest he should arouse the suspicions of the Great Sea Serpent, he cut a tiny hole through the rocky side of the cave! Then the waters issued forth, happy to break from their long imprisonment. There were seas and rivers and lakes and little brooks, — all the water in fact which the world needed just then.

"Indeed it is very good for the world to have these rivers and seas and lakes and little brooks!" congratulated the great Karu when he saw what his son had done. "And would it not be a good idea to make some fine new utensils for our friends out of this same hard rock?"

Rairu thought that a splendid suggestion, so he set to work at once, making things with which to dig and things with which to hit hard blows. With plenty of water at last, and these fine new tools to make their work easier, the friends of

Karu and Rairu found the world a much pleasanter dwelling place.

Now the Great Sea Serpent had never missed the waters when first they began to run out of the cave. But after a little while he noticed that some of them were gone. And then he called to all the seas and rivers and lakes and little brooks to come back inside of the cave, but they only laughed at him. There was no getting them back now that they were once outside in the pleasant world, with its lofty heavens above and its bright shining new sun and moon. This made the Great Sea Serpent very angry indeed.

"I know who is responsible for this mischief," stormed he. "It is that Rairu who stumbled into the cave and who led forth the First Peoples!"

The Great Sea Serpent had never liked Rairu and now he was more thoroughly his enemy than ever. And all the monsters who had grown up in the darkness which the vultures had carried away into the four corners of the world heard the voice of the Great Sea Serpent when he sang a

song of hate against Karu and Rairu. Among them was one whose name was Jaburu who did an evil, evil deed to show his hate, a deed which has not been forgotten.

But still there was no fire. All the fire there was in the world, and that was little enough, was in the eye of the Fox. With plenty of water and fine new utensils he had made, Rairu decided that his friends needed the gift of fire. But how was he to get it for them! That was something which furrowed his huge brow with thought.

At last he decided to go to the Fox and ask him for some of the fire. Accordingly he stumbled over the mountains, making new paths through them where none had ever existed, and at last he came to the Fox's lair. The Fox happened to be at home.

"Friend Fox!" said Rairu politely, after he had greeted him, "you have a very pleasant home here among the mountains, but don't you find it uncomfortably warm because of the fire you have in your eye?"

Now the Fox had never thought of such a

thing as it being too warm until Rairu had suggested it to him but he answered, "Yes, sometimes it is a trifle too warm for comfort."

"The mountains were intended to be cool," want on Rairu.

"Yes," agreed the Fox wonderingly, for he had never thought that mountains could be otherwise.

And the outcome of the conversation was that the Fox agreed to give Rairu the fire from his eye! It had been painfully simple, after all!

"But what will you give me in return for it?" asked the Fox.

Rairu was already starting down the mountain side, holding the gift of the fire very carefully lest he burn something with it, but he turned around at this question, "Oh!" said he, "I thought I was just doing you a favor in taking it away!"

For a few minutes the Fox had thought this too, but now he began to think he might like something to take its place and he told Rairu so most decidedly.

"Well," said Rairu, "what is it that you want

me to give you? Out with it! I can't be waiting here for you to make up your mind!"

Now the Fox did not know that he had a mind but suddenly he decided that he might like to have a better one so he said, "Oh, great Rairu, it is a really good mind that I want. I'd like to be wiser than any of the other beasts."

"That is a request which is most worthy," replied the great Rairu. "You shall have the best mind of any of them."

And so the Fox obtained the gift of his good mind. But the fire was gone from his eye! That was carried by the mighty Rairu to the waiting world. And how did he carry it? Why, of course he carried it on top of his head surrounded by stones.

III

SURÁ'S SEEDS

GARDENING in the tropics, I discovered, is a constant battle with insects. The mound-building ant is indeed an enemy to be reckoned with, an enemy untiring and with a sting like the prick of a needle. To preserve them from the ravages of the ant armies, our flower beds were surrounded by little trenches, like moats about the castle, through which water was run. In part of the garden the flower beds were at the summit of a terrace composed of broken blue dishes, ruins to strike sorrow to the heart of a china lover. Standing by this conveniently raised bed, I was experimenting with the seeds from home which the latest boat had brought me, seeds of asters, phlox, sweet Williams and clove pinks. As Maria came past me after spreading Junior's little white suit in the sun to bleach, she paused.

"Does the Senhora know that the human race started in tiny seeds?" she asked. "It is a story my mother told me when I was a tiny

child and she had it from the grandmother of her grandmother. It happened ages and ages ago, long before she was born. It was old like the sun and the moon and the stars when the grandmother of the grandmother of my mother was but a child."

Maria was beginning to discover that the word "story" held a magic for me. She told me all about the seeds of Surá while she was helping me plant the seeds from the garden of my own New England grandmother in my terraced flower bed.

Karu had many seeds in many baskets, long ago at the beginning of time, and these baskets full of fine seeds he gave to his friends. Some of them were the seeds of animals, while others were the seeds of men and women, and the evil enemies of Karu were constantly striving to destroy these.

One day the great Karu gave a fine basket full of seeds to his friend Surá who already was the proud owner of a maize field. Now it happened that Karu's enemy, the evil Jaburu, was watch-

ing and saw the gift. He watched and waited and watched and waited and at last the time came when the good Surá went to look at his field of maize, carelessly leaving behind the basket full of new seeds which the great Karu had given him.

Then the evil Jaburu stole up to the place where the basket was lying and ate the seeds, every one of them. He had just finished doing this wicked thing when Surá came back to get them. He gave one look at the empty basket and one look at the leering smile on Jaburu's horrid face. At once he knew what had happened. There was a fierce battle between the two, at the end of which the good Surá lay dead at the feet of the wicked Jaburu. Then and there Jaburu buried him beside the empty basket which only a little while before had been full of the seeds which were the gift of the mighty Karu. The very next day Jaburu was astonished to behold a cacao tree and a gourd tree growing from the grave of the good Surá. And the cacao and the gourd have been in the world ever since that time.

He gave one look at the empty basket.

Now it came to pass that the mighty Karu walked about the garden of the world and passed that way to admire the fine maize field of Surá and to inquire of him how the new seeds were growing. He came to the place where Surá was buried beside the empty basket and because he was very wise he knew just what had happened.

"This is the work of the wicked Jaburu," said he. "He has not only destroyed the seeds which I gave the good Surá but has killed my friend."

So the mighty one went to the house of Jaburu and asked for a drink of chocolate.

"What is that?" asked the wife of Jaburu in fright. "I know how to brew many an excellent drink but this is something of which I have never even heard."

Now it was a terrible thing to refuse a request of the mighty Karu and she had good reason to be worried. However Karu did not break forth into a rage as she was tremblingly expecting him to do. Instead he smiled pleasantly.

"This is a new drink, little grandmother," he told her. "It is one which I will show you

how to prepare. One has to roast the beans and then grind them."

So the great Karu himself showed the frightened wife of Jaburu how to prepare the drink of cocoa which we all enjoy so much to-day, and then he said, "Use the gourd for a drinking vessel and see to it that you serve the first cup full of chocolate to me."

And the wife of the wicked Jaburu served the cocoa in a gourd just as we often do to-day here in Brazil. She gave the first full gourd to Karu as he had told her to do.

Then the mighty one called with a loud voice, "Jaburu! Jaburu!"

Now it happened that as soon as this wicked one had heard the voice of Karu in that locality he had hastened to hide himself in the dense undergrowth through which the sun never falls. But even to this hiding place had been borne by the breeze the delicious odors of the chocolate.

"Jaburu, come to the feast!" was the call which fell upon his delighted ears.

Indeed, he could scarcely believe his good fortune at being invited to the party and you

may be sure he lost no time in scrambling out of his hiding place.

"My uncle, I present this cup to thee so that thou may drink," were the words of Karu as he politely offered the gourd full of cocoa to Jaburu.

The wicked Jaburu drank the delicious chocolate with such delight that his throat resounded, — tshaa! tshaa!

"That is the very best drink I ever tasted in my life," said he, as he handed back the empty gourd to Karu. "What is the name of this new drink and from what is it brewed?"

"This is the drink which I have made from the plant which grows from the grave of my friend, the good Surá," replied the mighty one. "Thou hast drunk Surá's first fruit."

Then a strange thing happened. Jaburu began to swell. His body swelled and swelled and grew larger and larger. At last it had swelled so much that he burst! Then you should have seen the enormous quantity of seeds which flew in every direction!

The seeds which were in the basket which the mighty Karu had given Surá were the seeds of

the human race. Thus it came to pass that by the miracle of the chocolate which grew from the grave of the good Surá the seeds of the human race were not lost from the world.

The bursting of the wicked Jaburu had caused such an explosion that the noise of it reached all the other monsters of darkness in the four corners of the world, and even the cave where the Great Sea Serpent dwelt. From that time on none of them dared slay one who was a friend of Karu and Rairu. And this was the law of the Earth:

"Kill not for hate; slay for food only."

IV

WHY THE OWL RULES THE NIGHT

As my friend and I leaned over the charming wrought-iron railing which surrounded the tiny balcony opening from the French doors of my Brazilian living room we were greeted by unusual darkness. Perhaps it was merely the contrast to the bright lights within. There was no moon, nothing but the bright faces of the stars above us, and on the outskirts of the little city in Central Brazil the wild beat of tom-toms from the mud huts under the palm trees was accenting the pulsating darkness. Suddenly the tom-toms stopped with a wild flare of sound. Then we heard the weird cry of an owl.

"The owl is claiming its rights," remarked my Brazilian friend. "Did you know that the owl rules over the night and has a right to interfere if anybody else makes too much noise?"

Then I heard this story:

This is a tale of the long-ago ages in the beginning of time when the teeth and the claws of

the jaguar did not hurt, when the fang of the serpent had no poison, when even the thorn bushes had no thorns. It is a tale of those days when Karu had first set the sun of bright red feathers up in the sky. He lost the pot where he kept it when it was not in use, tightly fastened down with the cover. So it came to pass that for many seasons the sun was always in the sky and the darkness was utterly lost.

In those days the seeds of mankind had just been scattered abroad on the earth and the story I am going to tell you is about the first one of the seeds which sprouted. From this seed there came a fine handsome youth, tall of stature and bold of eye, whom Rairu named "the climber." Nothing pleased this handsome youth as much as to watch the ways of the living things about him in the forest. He loved to bend over a flower and drink in its beauty; to lie by a leaf-surrounded pool and listen to the sweet voices of the birds; most of all he loved to climb up to the mountain peaks and watch the wide, circling flight of the royal vultures, their great wings spreading wide.

Now you know that all the First Peoples who did not work had been turned into things like bats and butterflies. Rairu and his father both believed that everybody ought to do something.

"Why don't you go to work, my son?" asked Rairu of "the climber." "The other seeds will be out soon and because you are the first one you should have made a fine start ahead of the others."

"I am what I am," responded the youth. "I cannot work until I have a wife to help me."

"In that case you will have to wait a bit for the other seeds," responded Rairu. "But I had hoped that you would be the first one to start."

"Perhaps if I am the first one to have a wife I will be the first one to go to work," replied "the climber", and that was all he would say about the matter.

The truth was that the youth had made up his mind to wed the handsome young vulture whose gay flights swept around his favorite mountain peak. And he sang this song:

"Bird of the sky,
Bird of the mountain peaks,
My soul loveth thee;
Bird of the lofty places,
My soul would mount with thee;
Listen, I pray thee, to my voice;
Return the love which rises to greet thee."

And the young Queen of the Vultures listened to the song of "the climber." This is what she sang to him in return:

"Oh, earthbound youth,
If thou hast love for me
Thou must mount to the high places.
Oh, earthbound youth,
Thou must fly with me before the sun."

Now "the climber" looked up into the bright face of the sun and was afraid. But his great love was strong enough to overcome all fear, so that, in fact, there was no more fear in the world for many ages. By his great love he rose to the high places and wedded the Queen of the Vultures. By his great love he flew with the

Queen of the Vultures even in the face of the sun itself. And he worked hard helping the vultures sweep the sky. They say that the royal palm tree upon which he had climbed to the skies was pulled up after him.

Now in the earth below there were many seeds springing up to be the fine new human race. From his flights about the mountain peaks "the climber" often saw them. His curiosity was greatly aroused by what he saw them doing and he longed to return from the land of the vultures to visit the earth he had left.

At last he could endure things in the sky no longer so he called the spiders. This is what he sang to them:

"Little spiders, one and all,
Listen to me when I call;
Come from east and come from west,
Spin a rope to the vulture's nest."

In a little while there were large spiders and small spiders, spiders red and black and brown and yellow, all sorts of spiders spinning a rope high up to the nest of the vultures. When at

last it was completed it was a very simple thing indeed for "the climber" to slide down it. This is what he did without a single backward glance toward the land of the vultures whither he had been so glad to depart from the earth.

When he had almost reached the earth the Queen of the Vultures who was his bride spied him. This is what she said:

"Little climber from the earth,
Heaven was not for thee;
Earthy wert thou from thy birth;
Nevermore return to me."

Now as soon as "the climber" heard these words he tried to turn about and climb up the rope again. But the rope broke in pieces, throwing him back forcefully upon the earth and crushing the young maize into which he fell. From the sky he heard the scornful cries from vulture land. This is what they were saying:

"Shame to the earthborn one,
Shame to 'the climber';
Shame! shame! shame!"

Now "the climber" had planned only to make a visit to the earth just to see what was going on there. When he found out that he could never return again to the land of the vultures, that he could never more fly with the Queen of the Vultures before the face of the sun, he needed no cries of "Shame! Shame!" to make him mourn for what he had lost.

"Oh, mountains, fall upon me and cover my face!" he cried. "Oh, lakes and rivers and big blue seas, wash me away!"

The mountains and the lakes and the rivers and the big blue seas did not pay the least attention to him.

Then he called to the birds, "Oh, birds of all the world, hide my shame; cover me with thy soft feathers."

None of the birds paid the least attention to him except the owl. She came flying up to him with a big package.

"What is in this package?" asked "the climber." "Is it something to hide my shame?"

"Open it and see!" called the owl. "Ope! Ope!"

So "the climber" opened the package which the owl brought to him and out of it there rolled the big black cloud of the darkness to cover his shame because he had returned to the earth after having attempted to fly with the Queen of the Vultures forever before the face of the sun. The package contained all the darkness which could be gathered together after the vultures had carried it away to the four corners of the earth.

Now the mighty Rairu himself had been watching what was going on. To the owl he gave his blessing.

"The darkness shall belong to you forever," said he. "It is you who found it and so it is rightfully your own. You shall rule over it throughout all ages."

And so, even yet the owl rules the night, rightfully objecting when earthly revelers make too much noise in her domains.

"If the first one of the human race was what we call 'a quitter'," I mused, when I had heard this story, "no wonder he was ashamed of himself."

V

THE CHILDREN OF THE HOUSE OF DAWN

FAR, far away in the wonderful East, where the morning sun appears, there is a great cave lined with mother-of-pearl which is the House of Dawn. Long, long ago, even before the days of Indians and llamas, even longer ago than the time of the Great Flood, there were four brothers who dwelt together in the House of Dawn.

Now the eldest of the four brothers was so huge you would have called him a giant, could you have seen him. And the youngest of the four brothers was so tiny you would have called him a sprite. His name was Coniraya but you may call him Coni for short. The other two brothers were betwixt and between.

The eldest brother was so big and strong that he could travel far away from the beautiful pearl-lined House of Dawn which was his home. One day he went so far and climbed so high that

he reached the top of the tallest mountain peak of all.

"This is very wonderful country," said he, as he looked about him at all the little mountains and at all the fleecy clouds. "I am glad I was bold enough to find it."

Admiringly he stroked the muscles of his powerful legs. "By your strength have I traveled from my far distant home to this high peak. You are the very strongest legs in the whole world."

Then he flexed the muscles of his great arms. "I have the very strongest pair of arms in all the world," he boasted as he looked about him for something upon which to test them.

Soon his eye spied four great rocks balancing themselves on the mountain side. Picking up one of these, he threw it before him with all his might in the direction of the pearly tinted House of Dawn which was his home. Another great rock he threw straight back of him as far as he could throw, in the direction in which the sun disappeared each night. Another of the rocks he threw to the right of him and another

to the left of him. These four huge stones became the four points of the compass, East, West, South and North, and so they remain to this very day.

"These stones shall mark the boundaries of all my lands," said he. "Forever and ever shall they be mine. My legs are the strongest legs in the whole world. My arms are the strongest arms in the whole world. My good legs have brought me to this spot and my good arms have thrown these memorial stones to be the boundaries of my lands. All the world is mine."

You will notice that he did not say a word about having the strongest head in the world. Indeed, he did not have it, for his little brother, Coniraya, the youngest of them all, was the one who had the best head. Coni had very strong lungs, too.

When his big brother came home, boasting that he owned the whole world, Coni laughed at him.

"I know a place you do not own," he chuckled. "Come and see it."

Far away in the mountains the youngest brother had found a deep cave which was as full of darkness as the House of Dawn was full of light. It was a long journey indeed for his short legs, but with a good head one does not tire one's legs. Little Coni danced and pranced along the way beside his big brother until he was tired. Then he hopped on his brother's back and stuck there in the exact place where it was impossible to dislodge him. When at last they reached his cave Coni hopped down.

"How strong you are!" he praised. "Anybody as strong as you can own this cave just as well as he can own the rest of the world."

This speech so pleased his big brother that he forgot to be angry. Very eagerly he pushed his way into the cave. As soon as he was safe inside, little Coni drew in a deep breath with his powerful lungs. Then he blew it out with all his might at the big rock which trembled on the mountain side above the entrance to the cave. Down it fell with a loud crash, completely blocking the entrance. His brother was sealed inside like a rat in a trap. Then Coni danced

and pranced up the mountain side until he stood on the top of the tallest peak of all.

Looking to the east, toward his home in the pearl-lined House of Dawn, the tricky sprite shouted at the top of his lungs, "Oh, lands of my brother, you now belong to me!"

Then turning slowly to the south, the west and the north, where the great memorial stones marked all the points of the compass, Coni shouted at each, "Oh, lands of my brother, you now belong to me! I have the strongest lungs and the best head in the whole world, and the whole world is mine!"

The next day the betwixt and between brother who was next to the oldest, asked for his brother who was a giant.

"Where is he and why did he not return to the House of Dawn for the night as is his custom?"

"Climb up to the top of the tallest mountain peak with me," replied Coni. "I want to show you something."

Accordingly his brother went up the mountain side with Coni perched on his back in just the spot where he could not be reached.

Jumping down when they had reached the top of the tallest peak, Coni looked up at him admiringly. "How very strong you are!" he flattered. "And how bright your eyes are this morning! You have the best eyes in the world. Lie down and look over the edge of the rock and see what you can see! Don't be afraid to peer over the edge!"

Unsuspectingly his elder brother lay down flat on his stomach and peered over the rocks at the deep abyss which lay below. Little Coni drew in a deep breath and when he blew it out at his brother he blew him over the edge of the steep precipice. Down he fell over the rocks and stones, turning into a stone himself before he was halfway to the bottom of the deep abyss!

When his two older brothers did not return to their home in the House of Dawn, Coni's remaining brother became deeply troubled. His suspicions grew as the days and weeks passed by until at last he became so afraid of Coni's alert mind and powerful lungs that he ran away from home and was drowned by the wild waves of the deep sea. Now Coniraya was monarch of

all he surveyed. He owned the whole world and the House of Dawn as well.

But now it was very lonely in the pearl-lined House of Dawn. The great rosy cave was full of grim voices which Coni had never heard when his three older brothers were there to keep him company. At night he tossed upon his bed and could not sleep. By day it was no longer pleasure to roam over the lands which were now his, for always there was the dread of going home to the grim voices.

At last he could bear it no longer. One night when the grim voices were even louder than ever, he drew in a long, deep breath with his powerful lungs. Then he blew it out again with such force that he drove the voices out of the cave forever. North, south, east and west he blew them, to the four points of the compass which were marked with the big memorial stones. And they became the winds, which even yet bring to us the whisperings of grim voices.

VI

WHEN CAVILLACA RAN AWAY

Long ago, when men had first learned how to construct houses for themselves, there lived a fair maiden to whom the name Cavillaca had been given. Beautiful and graceful as one of the bamboos on the river bank, she drew all eyes; even the birds of the air watched her, charmed by her fresh young loveliness.

"Our daughter is so beautiful that even the gods themselves will observe her charm and take her away," said her mother.

Now it was the nature sprite who was named Coniraya whom she most feared. And indeed the mother had good reason to be afraid of him. Though the world was very young, already had he been known to turn maidens into stone if it pleased his whim.

One day when she awoke to find a strange new calabash growing by her doorway, she guessed at once that the sprite had discovered Cavillaca. And when she heard sweet strains

of music issuing from it, she knew for a certainty that it was he who was seeking to number himself among her daughter's admirers. Then it was that she cautioned her daughter not to speak to him or even look at him if he should appear to her.

"Run away as fast as you can if you should see him," she told the girl. "You are so light of foot that it would be very difficult for him to overtake you."

Presently, when Cavillaca was busy with her weaving under the lucma trees which grew before the door, Coniraya came upon her very suddenly. Dressed in his festival array with many golden ornaments and his mantle of turquoise-colored feathers he was indeed a dazzling sight.

Now the singing calabash by the door, though it had been the gift of Coniraya himself, had been watered and tended so very faithfully by Cavillaca's mother that it had become her servant. So it sang these words:

"Your mother's voice you should obey;
Cavillaca, run away."

Coniraya came upon her very suddenly.

So entranced was the maiden that she might not have remembered to do this until it was too late if it had not been for the calabash. The warning words sounded in her ears just in time, and she dashed away down the path which followed the river to the sea with the speed of a young gazelle. Coniraya was furious with wrath, but as fast as he could he ran in pursuit of her. One by one he cast aside his feather mantle and golden ornaments as he ran.

After he had gone for some time without catching sight of Cavillaca, so rapidly did she outdistance him, he encountered a condor who came sweeping up on his great powerful wings.

"Friend Condor," called Coniraya. "Wait a minute! Have you seen anything of the maid I love, the fair Cavillaca?"

Of course the condor knew Cavillaca very well. As always when he saw her, his own head was quite turned by her loveliness. Now he came to a stop beside the sprite.

"Yes, I have seen her," said he. "And I must say that I never saw her looking more beautiful!"

"And how far ahead of me is she?" asked Coniraya, rubbing his hands together in his delight.

"She is not far away," answered the condor. "If you hurry you will have no difficulty in overtaking her."

"Blessings be upon you, Friend Condor!" cried Coniraya. "You shall have long life and shall traverse wilderness, mountain and valley. He who slays you shall himself be slain!"

Then the sprite hurried on to catch the fair maiden. On and on he ran, but never a glimpse of her blue mantle did he catch. Presently he met a fox. The fox already had acquired a great reputation for wisdom.

Stopping him, the sprite asked, "Have you happened to meet the fair maid I love, whose name is Cavillaca?"

The fox looked as wise as possible as he answered with a sly little twinkle in his eye which once had contained the earth's fire, "If I did, it was a long distance back. You will never in the world be able to overtake her."

"Curses be upon you!" cried the sprite. "You shall have no friends and never go abroad except at night."

So saying, he ran along the path down which Cavillaca must have passed. He ran and ran until he was tired out and then a turn in the road brought him face to face with the jaguar.

"Oh, Friend Jaguar!" cried he. "Tell me if you have seen the fair maid called Cavillaca? She is my love and down this path she has vanished."

The jaguar paused to consider the question; then in a moment he answered, "Yes, I have seen her."

"And is she near?" eagerly questioned Coniraya.

"Yes, she is not far away," answered the Jaguar. "If you hurry, possibly you may be able to overtake her."

"Blessings be upon your head, Friend Jaguar!" cried the sprite. "Even after death you shall be honored. Your skin shall be worn at festivals."

Running now with all his might, he hurried

along the path. Not a glimpse of Cavillaca did he catch, however. When at last he met a parrot, he stopped him.

"Good day, Friend Parrot!" was his greeting. "As you have been flying about, have you happened to catch sight of the fair maid I love, the girl called Cavillaca?"

The parrot came to rest upon the branch of a bamboo above the sprite's head before he answered, "Not a glimpse of any fair maid has gladdened my eyes along this path."

"My curses be upon you!" thundered the disappointed sprite. "Bearer of bad news, your cries shall be so loud that your enemies shall always find you! You shall be betrayed by your own evil voice!"

When at last Coniraya found the lovely Cavillaca she had reached the sea. There he turned her into stone as you may see for yourself if you go there. And to this very day the parrot has a loud harsh voice and the condor's life is spared. To this very day the fox has no friends and the jaguar is honored after death by the wearing of his skin on holidays.

Though the beautiful Cavillaca never returned to her home, her mother was comforted by the sweet songs of the singing calabash. Before that time, though the birds knew how to talk with humans, they did not know how to sing. But from the singing calabash they soon learned how to sing songs, each one a melody suited to himself. Their comfort they added to that which the calabash gave. So it came to pass that the music of the birds came to bring delight and comfort to the world.

VII

WHEN THE SUN FELL FROM THE SKY

When I first went to live in Brazil it was difficult for me to remember that it was northern windows into which the sun shone instead of southern windows. It was hard to place the points of the compass. "Only fools and donkeys walk in the sun," says a Brazilian proverb, and I soon learned that most of the people who walked on the sunny side of the street were newly arrived foreigners.

There were many other things I learned about the sun too. I learned that it was the fine ball of red feathers which Karu had placed in the sky and I learned that it was a trifle difficult for even the mighty Karu to make it stay there.

Once upon a time when the world was new the fine bright sun fell out of the sky. This, of course, was a dreadful calamity.

"Whither shall we flee?" asked the fresh green forests.

There was nowhere for the forests to take refuge and so they were burned. Even yet there are desert places where the forests were burned when the sun fell from the sky.

"Whither shall we flee?" had asked the beasts, when they saw the bright red sun falling. "Help us, Rairu."

Rairu changed them at once into alligators and whales and bubble-eyed crocodiles and ever since the sun fell from the sky there have been crocodiles and whales and alligators in the world.

"Whither shall we flee?" had asked the men and women when they saw the sun falling from the sky upon the earth, where they made their homes.

Then the men and women climbed up into the tall trees of the forest, thinking that in the trees they would be safe. But even there they were not free from danger. When the sun burned up the forests it singed their faces very badly indeed. Then it was that Rairu changed them into apes and bade them stay in the forest always.

"Silly children!" said he to them. "You

should have known better than to try to hide yourselves in the trees when the sun was falling from the sky. Now you may stay there!"

So it has happened that the apes have singed faces and live in the forests ever since the sun made of fine red feathers fell out of the sky. "Practice makes perfect," they say. The next time Karu put the sun back into the sky he seems to have known how to do it better, for it has always stayed there even until now.

VIII

HOW SLEEP CAME

When I was a little girl my grandfather often told me, as I climbed upon his knee for a good-night kiss, a rhyme which runs like this:

"Oh, boys and girls come out to play;
The moon doth shine as bright as day."

But the rhyme my mother told me starts like this, — "Early to bed and early to rise", — and it was my mother's rhyme which ruled. No moonlight playtime for me! But the picture of those happy children who went out to play by the moonlight always appealed to me. When I lived in Brazil I often thought of them, for it was surely a moon which shines as bright as day which ruled those starry southern skies. And the children who lived in the mud huts under the palm trees at the edge of the city must have made moonlight their special playtime as they danced and capered about the bonfires

while the tom-tom pulsated its weird music through the still night.

One evening while the bright moonlight shone down as if the face of the moon had been newly washed and polished, one of my Brazilian friends told me all about the moon.

Long ago when the Sun and the Moon had been placed in the sky for only a short time the lovely Lady Moon fell in love with the Sun. She looked down upon the earth in those days of the First Peoples, beholding so many lovers that she thought it quite time she fell in love herself. Of course, there was nobody else for her to love except the Sun.

But the Sun was ever mindful of the children of the earth, so he told the lovely Lady Moon, "I cannot wed you, beautiful though you are and greatly as I admire you. What would happen to the poor earth if we were to wed?"

The lovely Lady Moon had not thought about that at all. Now she saw for herself that the burning love of the Sun for her would consume the earth, while her tears would flood it. Fire

and water would destroy each other, the fire being extinguished by the water and water being evaporated by the fire. Then there would be nothing at all left and Nature abhors a vacuum.

Hence the Moon bade a sad farewell to the Sun and they separated, one going on either side of the earth. As the Sun and the Moon walked together about the earth, side by side in this last farewell, the grief of the Moon knew no bounds.

"Shall I become a tapir, a wild pig, a beast of the chase, a bird of the sky? Whither shall I flee in my sorrow?" she cried. "All these are eaten! I will stay in the sky! It is better there than upon the earth! There will I stay forever and a day, sending forth my light upon the earth below!"

And everywhere the gentle fingers of the Lady Moon touched there sprang up a moonflower, and everywhere her foot touched there grew a moonstone. From that time even until now there have been moonflowers and moonstones upon the earth. True love is ever an unselfish love; that is their message.

But in her great sorrow the Moon wept for a night and a day. Her tears fell upon the earth and flowed into the sea. But the sea rose up against them, refusing to mingle the Moon's tears with her own waters. Hence it comes to pass that the tears of the Moon still flow half the time outward and half the time inward.

Now because the Sun and the Moon unselfishly decided to separate, one going on one side of the earth and the other on the other side, it came about that sleep first fell upon the eyes of mortals. In those days sleep was hidden away in the eyes of the wise old lizard who had brought it, safely laid away on his eyeballs, when the First Peoples issued forth from their cave in the dark new earth to work for Rairu and his great father, Karu.

You remember that some of the lazy ones who would not work were changed into bats. Now Evaki the bat, when she saw all the other useful animals, like the llama and the beaver, happily at work each day, longed to do something to make herself useful in the new world. She thought and thought about it, wondering what

she could find to do. And as she thought she watched and watched.

Now those who work hard get tired, you know. Even in those days among the First Peoples there were some who got tired. Evaki noticed this as she flew about and thought about it a great deal, wondering what she could do to help this tiredness.

Then she noticed one day the lizard sleeping in the sun. When he woke up she asked him how he did it.

"Sleep," replied the Lizard, as he stretched himself lazily in the sunshine, "sleep is a gift I brought with me in my eyeballs when I issued forth from the great cave with the rest of the First Peoples."

"Does anybody else have any of it?" asked Evaki. "I think it is something very good."

"No," replied the lizard, "I am the only one who has it. Indeed, it is the very best thing I have."

"If it is so good, why do you not share it with the rest of us?" asked Evaki. "Good things are to be shared, not kept for oneself."

"And is that so?" asked the lizard impudently. "I tell you here and now, Evaki, if anybody gets sleep away from me, it will have to be stolen or taken by force."

Then Evaki looked at the lizard's hard body very thoughtfully indeed. It appeared that if she were to get any sleep away from him, she could not take it by force. She would have to use her wits.

"I don't believe it will be so hard a thing to do," mused Evaki. "The lizard is such a sleepy old thing that when he is stretched out on a sunny rock I can steal up to him and get a tiny bit of sleep out of his eyes without his missing it."

Now this is just the way it happened. Like many another difficult thing it was really quite simple when once it was tried. The very next day when the lizard was stretched out in the sun in a favorite spot of his by a quiet sluggish stream, along came Evaki and in the "twinkling of an eye," as they say, the lizard had sleep extracted from between his eyelids. Evaki had stolen up to him very quietly and the operation

was all over in a moment. But in her excitement she puckered up her face into the frightful expression it has worn ever since.

"Now that I possess this gift of sleep," declared Evaki, "I am not going to be selfish with it. I am going to pass it along to every living creature in the world. What is good for one of us is probably good for everybody."

Like many another good thing sleep increased the more it was divided. It grew and it spread so there was quite enough of it to go around and all the First Peoples could have some of it. And they all thought it just as great a gift as did the lizard.

"Indeed, you have been of some use in the world, after all!" said the great Rairu to Evaki. "If it were not for you, the lizard would have kept the gift of sleep to himself and the rest of the world would have grown so tired there is no knowing what would have become of them."

"I am so glad that I have been good for something," murmured little Evaki, bowing humbly before him. "I hated to be utterly useless in this busy world. But if it had not

been for the good example of the Sun and the Moon, I should not have known how to be unselfish."

And the kind Lady Moon looked down upon the little Evaki and smiled upon her. The Moon well knew what it was to be unselfish!

"I am so proud of you, little Evaki," said she, "that you were not selfish with the gift of sleep which you extracted from the eyes of the lizard. For this I am going to give you my special blessing. In the daytime, when the sun is shining, you may enjoy the gift of sleep all by yourself. The others will not need so much of it then and so you can have all of it you want. Then at night, when my face is smiling upon you, it shall be your privilege to fly about and enjoy the world."

"Oh, how can I thank you for such a blessing!" cried little Evaki. "There is nothing in the world which means so much to me as your kind, smiling face. It will be wonderful to enjoy it at night without having to sleep. I'd so much rather use the gift of sleep in the daytime."

And so it came to pass that the bat uses the gift of sleep in the daytime, and at night flies about, even to this very day.

"And have any children been blessed like the bat?" I asked, when the story was finished. "Isn't it true that children should sleep at night, even though the bright moon is shining in the sky and it is as light as day?"

"Yes, it is quite true," answered my friend. "Well-behaved children play in the daytime and sleep at night."

IX

HOW STRIFE CAME TO THE WORLD

A LITTLE interior city in Central Brazil and only two North American families living there. Surely the children ought to dwell in peace and harmony. Happy playtimes were shared daily by Ted and Junior, but this morning there was trouble. It was the hour of our Portuguese lesson, and already our teacher, Senhor Solomão, the editor of the newspaper, was restlessly, tapping his foot in the sala. But sounds of discord ascended from the high walled garden full of royal palms, mango trees and fig trees.

"My mother is nicer than your mother," I heard Ted say, as I stepped to the door to investigate the cause of the angry little voices.

"My mother is heaps better than your mother," I caught my own Junior crying. "There are lots more things she won't let me do!"

When at last harmony was restored I hastened apologetically to my lesson with Senhor Solo-

mão, who was tapping his foot more restlessly than ever and running his long thin fingers through the coarse black hair receding from his high forehead. When I told him about the quarrel in my halting Portuguese he laughed.

"Perhaps the Senhora would like to hear the story the Indians tell us," he said. "It is a tale of the long-ago ages when the evils of strife first came to mankind. This is the story:

Once upon a time ages and ages ago, when the world was young, everything was quite otherwise from what it is to-day. The flowers were forever in bloom; the beasts lived together in perfect harmony, the tiny agouti playing fearlessly with the beard of the big jaguar; the serpents had no venom and even the mosquitoes no poison to their sting; the rivers flowed along tranquilly with never a flood; even the waters of the cascades glided gently down from the high rocks.

Now it happened that in this peaceful world all the women were fair to look upon, while some of the men were handsome and other men ugly

in form and feature. The men who were of fair countenance could not endure the sight of their ugly brothers so they sought to separate from them. Accordingly they sent birds in different directions to discover in which there was most land. Those sent to the east and to the north returned very speedily, but the bird sent toward the setting sun was gone a long time, and when it at last returned it brought with it beautiful feathers. So the handsome men chose the west while the hideous ones moved eastward, each group taking with them the wives they had chosen. In either direction the climate was perfect, no one suffering either from excessive heat or from sudden chills.

Among the party of the beautiful there was a fine, handsome youth whose name was Maconaura, accompanied by his mother. This young man was a delight to the eye, tall and graceful as a young palm in the moonlight, strong and sinewy and clever as the beasts themselves in hunting and fishing for food. And when it came to basket making, there was nobody to compete with him, so it came to pass soon that all the

older men were bringing their own baskets to him for a final touch. In carving too he was the most skillful of them all.

Nor was his mother less skilled when it came to making hammocks, the lovely hand-woven hammocks like those we use to-day. It was she who was the most clever of all the women in the preparation of the cassava bread, in the brewing of drinks and in the making of fine featherwork and beadwork.

Now in the tribe there was nothing but perfect harmony. They were free from fear of evil beasts, for none had ever been known. So it came to pass that when Maconaura one day found his basket-net broken and his fish devoured, it was a thing which never had happened before in the whole history of the tribe. When next he set his trap he placed the woodpecker on guard.

"Stay near by, Friend Woodpecker," said he. "And if anything happens to endanger my basket-net call me at once with your toc! toc! toc!"

It was not long before Maconaura heard the

toc! toc! toc! of the woodpecker sounding through the forest. Though he ran with all possible speed, even the speed of the deer itself, when he heard the signal, he arrived too late. Again the net was broken and the fish which had been caught within devoured entirely except for the tip of its tail.

"You are not a good watchman," said he to the woodpecker. "I'll try to get a better one next time. You may take your toc! toc! toc! away into the forest for I have no more use for it."

Then Maconaura called the cuckoo.

"Friend Cuckoo," said he, "I have found that the woodpecker is not a faithful watchman. I placed him on guard here by my basket-net, telling him to call me with his toc! toc! toc! if anything happened to endanger it. He was too slow. See if you can do better! Call me at once with your pon! pon! pon! if you even suspect danger."

Almost as soon as he had turned his back Maconaura heard the cuckoo's pon! pon! pon! ringing through the forest. This time he

reached his net in time to send his arrow between the ugly eyes of a huge alligator. The horrid creature sank into the blue waters with a glou! glou! glou!

"Thank you, Friend Cuckoo," cried Maconaura politely. "You are a very good watchman indeed. I'll make you one for life!"

Then he repaired his basket-net and went on his way. He had not gone far, however, when he again heard the pon! pon! pon! of the cuckoo. Returning to the place where he had left his net, light and graceful as a fawn and with the speed of one, he was indeed amazed at what he beheld. There before his eyes stood the most beautiful maiden he had ever seen, and that is saying a great deal, for all the women were fair to look upon in those days. She was crying bitterly, and that fact is proof indeed that she was beautiful, for few women even to this day can cry and look charming at the same time. It is still a real test of beauty.

"Who are you, loveliest one?" asked Maconaura as soon as he had recovered from his surprise sufficiently to find his voice.

The horrid creature sank into the blue waters.

"My name is Anú," replied the girl with a shyness which made her even lovelier in the eyes of the youth.

"And whence come you?" he asked.

"I come from far, far away," she replied, with tears rolling down her lovely cheeks. "That is all I can tell you."

"Who are your family, your kindred?" inquired the youth.

"Oh, do not ask me that!" cried the girl. "That is something which I cannot tell you."

"Never mind, lovely little Anú," comforted the young Maconaura. "Come with me to my mother. She is the cleverest woman in our whole tribe and you will be happy when you are with her."

So the fair young Anú, who was really scarcely more than a child, grew up under the care of Maconaura's mother, learning from her how to weave the hammocks and how to prepare the cassava and how to brew a tapana. As the girl grew in beauty and in knowledge the young man longed to marry her. Whenever he spoke

to her in regard to it, however, she always shook her head and cried.

"No, I cannot wed you," she always said. "I love you alone, Maconaura, but I cannot marry anybody without the consent of my father and my mother."

"But who are your father and your mother?" the young man asked. "Tell me their names and where they live and I will go to them to seek their blessing upon our marriage."

Weeping sadly, Anú shook her head. "I can never, never tell," she kept repeating.

Now Maconaura could not understand her in the least. It was entirely beyond his comprehension why she could not tell him about her family so that he could visit them. At last, however, he understood. After long weeks of pleading Anú at length confided to him that she belonged to the race of the ugly men and that it would mean death if she should choose a handsome husband. Then it was that Maconaura thought that everything was clear, but the truth of the matter was that even yet she had not told him the whole story.

These days he was pleading with her to consent to his departure to visit her family, and the more he thought about the matter the more firmly assured was he that a journey to them was worth risking.

"They can be convinced, perhaps," suggested he, "that having a handsome husband is not such a bad thing after all!"

But Anú always discouraged his hopefulness and finally things came to such a pass that he decided to seek her parents without her knowledge. His mother he took into his confidence and though it was plain that she was deeply worried to have him make the journey she did not oppose it.

"Do not worry, dear Mother," he told her as he left her. "Every day I will send back a bird to you to tell you that all is well. But if one day you see the owl coming, then you may worry, for that will be the signal that I am in trouble."

Eastward, ever eastward, Maconaura paddled his canoe through the forests and between steep river banks where the roots of huge trees crooked

themselves like clutching fingers. He passed swamps where alligators slept and tangled jungles where the bright rays of the sun never entered. At last he came to the land of ugly men, and indeed they were even uglier than he had dreamed.

The mother of Anú was beautiful, though no longer young, almost as handsome as his own mother, Maconaura thought, but her father and her brothers! Never could one imagine that they could belong to the same family as Anú. The father's head was like that of a huge alligator and to his horror Maconaura noticed an arrow wound between his eyes! Then he guessed what he had not known before, that it was Anú's own father whom he had wounded at the basket-net. No wonder the frightened child had cried! No wonder she had not dared return to her parents with the story of her love for Maconaura! That explained everything!

However, there he was, asking in marriage the daughter of the man whom he had wounded.

"How dare you approach me!" the father

roared at Maconaura in a terrible voice. "Your handsome face has no place among us!"

Now the handsome young Maconaura had never heard tones like those in his whole life, but he answered with a charming smile which revealed his white, even teeth glistening in the sunlight.

"I am here because of the great love I bear your daughter. My mother has reared her as if she were her own, and as daily the maid has grown in grace and loveliness I have wooed her and her heart I have won. Now I stand before you asking your blessing."

When he heard these words Anú's father recognized the youth as the one who had shot the arrow between his eyes.

"Blessing indeed!" he sniffed contemptuously. "Do you think I'd want a handsome son-in-law in the tribe even if he were not one who had sought to slay me! Had you done so, there would have been murder in the world. Now my chance has come! This day is mine! Between other eyes than mine shall rest an arrow wound!"

For many days the old mother of Maconaura had heard the mournful bouta! bouta! bouta! of the octolin and she knew in her heart a strange sad feeling which she had never known before. Then one day came the dismal popopó! of the owl, and she knew her son was dead. Paddling her canoe ever eastward, led by the sad popopó! of the bird of ill tidings, she at length came to his overturned canoe. Soon she found his fair young body with a cruel arrow bristling between his beautiful eyes. Sadly she bore it westward to her own tribe. Never before had there been a murder in the world. Never before had one man taken the life of another.

With a pall of lovely feathers the men of the tribe covered the lifeless body of the handsome young Maconaura, placing above it his arms and his utensils. The women of the tribe prepared the funeral drink and all came together to listen to the funeral chant, the last farewell of mother to son.

She recounted the tragic story of his love and his death, raising the cup of tapana to her lips and crying, "Who has extinguished the light

of my son? Woe! Woe to him! Who has sent him into the valley of shades? Woe! Woe to him! I am only a weak old woman. I cannot avenge his death but who will avenge it for me?"

When she had uttered this wild cry two men sprang forward, seizing the cup of the tapana and drinking it with huge gulps in turn. Then and there, for the first time in the world, they danced the dance of vengeance, intoning a sad, weird song as they danced. The soul of the boa constrictor entered into their bodies and they wound their way toward the rising of the sun, along sluggish streams whose steep banks sent out roots like clutching fingers.

That night, as the mother of Maconaura lay in the beautiful hammock which she had woven with her own hands, she started up in fright, seeing a rattlesnake above her. But it was the face of Anú which looked into her own and the voice of Anú which fell upon her ears.

"Anú, dear child, why have you come hither?" cried she. "My son, the handsome Maconaura, is no more, no more!"

Then she heard Anú saying, "Indeed Maconaura whom I loved is no more! And my father and my mother whom I loved! Everything in the world has come to a terrible state and I must explain it all to you, dear mother of my love. The alligator which your son shot between the eyes beside the basket-net was my own father, one of the men who went eastward, his face hideous like that of an alligator. This arrow shot I forgave because the handsome Maconaura looked upon me with love in his eyes and my heart leaped with love in return. But my father did not forgive. His arrow pierced my Maconaura between the eyes as he cried the word of vengeance. And now that same cry is being spread far and wide among my own tribe by two huge boa constrictors. The world is full of vengeance! What shall I do? Whither shall I flee? Maconaura whom I loved is no more! My father and my mother whom I loved are no more! There is nothing in the world but vengeance this night! Vengeance! Vengeance!"

Uttering a terrible cry Anú fled into the forest. And at the sound of her cry all nature stirred.

The winds responded with a tempest which struck down the trees, uprooting even the mightest of them; thick clouds veiled the face of the sun, while sinister lightnings and the roar of thunders shook the earth; a great deluge of rain descended, mingling with the flood of mammoth swollen rivers. The animals, who until then had lived together in peace and harmony, fell upon each other, devouring one another; the jaguar tore the tender flesh of the harmless little agouti, the alligator made his horrible jaws crash together over the bones of his victims.

Still fleeing wildly and followed by the savage hordes of the forests and jungles, the fair Anú arrived at the summit of an enormous rock from which gushed a cascade all full of silver light. There on the brink of the precipice she stretched forth her arms and plunged into the depths. When the dark waters beneath her received her lovely young body nothing more was seen of her, but beneath the cascade there is a terrifying whirlpool until this very day. And the Indians who pass that way keep silence, for it is death to

speak in the presence of the whirlpool. In its depths, they say, Maconaura and Anú are once more united in the palace of the Soul of Mighty Waters. But strife and hate and vengeance are still raging in the world.

X

HOW THE GREAT FLOOD BEGAN

When other people tell us that America is a new country we should reply, "No; on the contrary it is so old that its history begins with the Great Flood!"

And is this flood which the tales of the South American Indians mention really the same flood for which Noah built his ark? That we do not know. If you like nothing but stories you may skip to the story itself, but if you like ideas you may want to hear the various theories wise men hold regarding this matter.

Now it is becoming established that the plain of Mongolia was probably the original birthplace of mankind. The South American historians are sure that its own first inhabitants were Mongols, various inundations of which swept the country, coming from the north before other people from the Pacific ventured there in their rude boats. Who knows but all the flood stories have their origin in a great flood which washed China?

Then there are many wise scientists who tell us that the plant and animal life of the eastern coast of South America and the western coast of Africa are so very similar that it is evident that these continents were once joined together by land. Perhaps this missing land is the lost continent of Atlantis and the big flood was caused when Atlantis was submerged into the sea!

You may agree with either theory you prefer, for nobody really knows. And still other historians tell us there is proof that there were Jews in South America in very early days; that here were King Solomon's mines, and that the story of the flood and some of the other tales we find in South America to-day have the same origin as the Bible stories in western Asia. This is the story of how the flood began:

The great Karu had prepared a surprise for his children. In the midst of a beautiful garden surrounded on three sides by a high wall of rocks he caused a new tree to spring forth from the earth. On this tree grew all the fruits

which are good to eat, the banana and the peach and the orange and the lemon and the momõ, and the fig and the mango and the plum and very many others. He did not tell anybody about the tree but left each one to find out about it for himself.

Now it so happened that the acouri was the first one to spy the new tree.

"What is this?" he asked, looking at it sharply. "How good it smells! I am going to try everything on it!"

So the acouri nibbled first at one kind of fruit and then at another. They all were delicious.

"Now I'll know just where to get good things to eat," said he. "I'll not tell anybody else a word about it."

From that day on the acouri grew plump and handsome. He did not tell any of the others where he went every day, but soon his changed appearance and many frequent absences were noticed by the mighty Rairu, the son of Karu, who knew no more than did the beasts themselves about the new tree. Rairu called the woodpecker.

"Little Woodpecker," asked he, "have you noticed anything unusual about our friend, the acouri?"

The woodpecker cocked his head first on one side and then on the other, as he replied knowingly, "I think he is singularly improved in his looks, don't you?"

"Do you happen to know what he is doing for himself?" inquired Rairu. "There are others who could stand growing plump and handsome, too."

"No, I do not know a single thing about his doings," replied the woodpecker. "All I know is that I do not see him as often as I used to see him."

"I'll appoint you to be a spy," said Rairu. "Just follow him about and tell me all that he does."

And so the woodpecker followed after the acouri that day. However, he could not keep from tapping his pon! pon! pon! everywhere in the forest and the acouri knew very soon that he was being followed. That made him sly and instead of going to the beautiful garden where

Karu had placed the wonderful tree he turned to the right and went to a very different sort of place on the bank of a great river. The woodpecker did not have any news at all to report to Rairu that night, although he recounted to him faithfully every single thing he had observed the acouri doing all the long day.

The next day Rairu called the rat to him asking, "Do you observe anything peculiar about our friend, the acouri?"

"I think he is growing handsomer every day," replied the rat. "I often have wondered what secret he has found."

"It is to discover this very secret that I have called you to take the post of spy," observed the mighty Rairu. "Follow him about all day and find out everything you can about his habits. Then come to me and report what you have discovered."

Now the rat is very quiet and sly and the acouri never suspected for a moment that he was being followed. The preceding day the pon! pon! pon! of the woodpecker had made him fearful of being discovered if he went to the

wonderful new fruit tree, so now he was particularly hungry for some of the delicious fruits. So he hurried to the beautiful garden with the walls of rock on three sides, losing no time, and getting there with the fewest steps possible. And the rat was all the time slinking along behind him, hiding himself as much as possible in the high coarse grass. The acouri hurried up to the wonderful fruit tree, and stuffed himself with delicious fruits; and all the time the rat was watching.

"How good everything smells!" said the rat to himself. "Now I know why the acouri has grown good looking. I'd be handsome myself, probably, if I ate food which smells like that."

Now that rat was longing to sample some of the fruit himself but he did not dare come out from his hiding place lest the acouri should spy him and slay him. There was no chance for even a nibble, so there was nothing to do but hurry away and make his report to Rairu.

"Good little rat," said Rairu, when he had heard all that the rat had seen that day. "Indeed you have proven yourself to be most use-

ful as a spy. You shall have all you want of the same delicious fruits which the acouri is now enjoying."

As the mighty Rairu thought the matter over, he decided that the acouri had been decidedly selfish. When he had accompanied the rat to the garden and had seen for himself the wonderful fruit tree there and had sampled all its delicious fruits, he was sure it was not right for any one or two of the beasts to enjoy all this for themselves.

Now his father Karu was delighted that Rairu had at last discovered the tree which he had planned for a surprise, and he said to him, "What do you think of the tree?"

"I think it is very wonderful indeed," replied Rairu; "so very wonderful that it is not right for it to be hidden away where practically nobody knows anything about it. I am for cutting it down and scattering its fruits abroad throughout the earth."

"Do with it exactly as you think best," replied his father. "Long ago I found out what a very wise head you have upon your shoulders."

So Rairu decided to fell the wonderful tree at once in order to scatter the fruits abroad so that everybody might enjoy them. To perform this great task he called together all the beasts. Every one of them had some way of helping.

Now the beasts all responded most gladly to the call of Rairu. The jaguar and the tapir and the armadillo and the deer and the fox and the beaver and the wildcat and all the rest of them came running to him at once in response to his call. With all possible speed they set to work to fell the tree, all except the monkey. The lazy monkey would not do a single thing to help. He even bothered the others who were working, by pinching them and tickling them and pulling their hair with his naughty little paws. Rairu at last grew vexed.

"You lazy little nuisance!" cried he. "There must be something you can do to keep yourself out of mischief."

He looked all around the garden for some task to set the monkey and suddenly his eye lighted on the basket-sieve.

"Here," said he to the monkey. "Take this

basket-sieve and bring us some water from the river."

The monkey was very much flattered at being asked to take the sieve and go to the river for water. He tried and tried to fill it with water but each time it fell out faster than it fell in. The sieve was always empty.

"I cannot fill this horrid basket-sieve!" cried the monkey at last in despair. "I am going back and tell Rairu that he has set me a task which is impossible."

And then the monkey ran back to the wonderful tree in the midst of the beautiful garden. Without him to tease them, all the other animals had worked rapidly and well, so successfully that the great tree with its many fine fruits was already felled to the ground and its fruits scattered broadcast throughout the world. Thus they have remained even to this very day.

Now the fruits themselves, wonderful as they were, proved to be only part of the riches of the tree which Karu had planted as a surprise. The stump of the tree was filled with water and

inside the water was every kind of fish of which you ever heard.

"Now I am going to stock all the rivers in the world with these splendid new fish!" cried Rairu, when he saw them. "They are just what our rivers need."

Then Rairu sent the fish out into the rivers and some of them got scattered even upon the seas. Thus they remain even until now.

But when the fishes were removed from the water in the trunk of the wonderful tree, the water started to run after them. It ran about so frantically that Rairu was forced to cover the stump with a basket. He had just done that when the monkey came running up with his empty basket-sieve.

"I cannot get this horrid basket-sieve to hold the water!" cried the monkey to Rairu. "Here, let me take this new basket! This perhaps is one which will carry water!"

Before Rairu could stop him the meddling monkey had snatched off the basket which covered the water in the stump of the wonder tree.

"Now, see what you have done!" scolded

Rairu. "That basket is something to leave alone!"

Indeed the monkey had started trouble! The water ran out of the stump with such force that it covered everything. The poor beasts were all in danger of their lives. Those who did not know how to climb or fly were shut up in a cave by the mighty Rairu, his great arms sealing the cave with a huge rock against which the waters could not prevail. All those who could climb or fly he took with him to the top of the cocorite tree.

For five days the waters rose higher and higher along the trunk of the tree. From time to time Rairu dropped cocorite seeds into the water and listened to their splash. By that he could tell when the mighty waters of the great flood were receding.

When Rairu dropped the third seed, the alligator cried out, "The waters are going down! Come down, for now it is perfectly safe!"

The silly goose started to go down, but Rairu knew by the splash of the cocorite seed that the waters were yet rising higher and higher.

The silly goose started to go down.

"Come back," called Rairu. "Do not believe the alligator. He is telling a lie. For this he shall be punished!"

At the end of the five days the waters of the great deluge began to recede and soon it was safe for all the beasts and birds to descend from the tree. As soon as they were safely down, Rairu put his mighty shoulder against the huge rock which sealed the rest of the beasts in the cave. Slowly it rolled away, liberating the imprisoned ones. And happy indeed were they to see the sunlight again.

The great flood had spread far and wide throughout all the earth. There are people everywhere who know about it. And since that dreadful time the beasts have never been quite the same again. The arauta still howls his discomfort from the tree just as he howled it when he was crowded there with the other birds and beasts. And before the flood the trumpeter bird had very respectable legs, but when he descended into the muddy earth the ants devoured them so that ever since then they have been thin and bony and shabby.

Now with great labor Rairu once more kindled the spark of fire which he had brought with much difficulty from the eye of the fox. Then the bush fowl snapped up the spark and got his red wattle for his greed. And Rairu did not forget to punish the alligator for lying. It was then that the alligator had his tongue pulled out.

Recently a tribe of Indians in the Amazon valley have been visited for the first time by white men. They live in trees and they say they have kept on doing this because their ancestors had to do it at the time of the Great Flood.

XI

WHY THE FOX HAS A DARK TAIL

Once upon a time there was an Indian who took his llama to a fresh green pasture high up on the mountain side. It was by far the best grazing they had seen in many a day. However, the llama refused to eat.

"What is the matter, Friend Llama?" asked the Indian when he observed this. "Why don't you eat? Are you sick?"

"No, Friend Indian, I am not sick," replied the llama; "but I am anxious. There is a great worry gnawing at my heart."

"Share your sorrow with me," advised his master. "A sorrow shared with a friend brings rest to one's heart."

Then the llama told the Indian how the waters were preparing to rise.

"For five days," said he, "the waves will climb higher and higher up the mountains. All these good pasture lands will be covered as they

sweep onward and upward in their unconquerable fury."

When he heard this, the good Indian was worried too. Seeing his master's fright, the poor llama was even more troubled than before.

"What is to become of us, Friend Llama?" asked the Indian when he had recovered his voice. "Will it not come to pass that you and I will be buried by these deep waters?"

"I had not thought about that," shuddered the llama. "Of course, we shall be swept away by the waves if we do not hurry. Quick! Come with me! Take food supplies for five days and flee with me to the mountain top!"

Soon the Indian and the llama were hastening up the steep sides of the mountain, stumbling over the rocks as they climbed upward. They did not slacken their speed except when the Indian occasionally had to stop to catch his breath because he was not quite so good a climber as was the llama. When at last they reached the very summit of the tallest peak, the llama found that many of his friends had arrived already. There was the jaguar with

his many spots, and the tapir with his pointed nose, and the armadillo with his shell house upon his back, and the monkey with his grimacing face, and the fox with his long tail and his sly eye. Soon the condor and the parrot came flying up. All sorts of beasts and birds and insects had fled to the mountain top but no other human being came except the Indian. He was the only one whom a friendly beast had warned in time.

Presently the waters began to rise. They rose and rose and climbed higher and higher. At last they crept so high that they wet the tail of the fox.

"My tail, my beautiful tail!" cried the fox, as he hastily wrapped it around his body. "It is the very handsomest one on all this mountain peak! The water will soil it perhaps!"

Rudely he pushed against his nearest neighbors, the llama and the Indian, watching with his sly eye for a place to worm his way through the crowd. All the beasts were packed together so closely that even a sly eye could find no room farther up on the mountain. But the kind

Indian pressed himself closer to his friend, the llama, to give the fox and his tail all the space possible.

"I am sure my beautiful tail is utterly ruined forever," whined the fox, with never a word of thanks to the good Indian.

To this very day the fox has dark marks upon his tail where it was wet at the time of the Great Flood.

XII

THE MOTHER

When the waters of the Great Deluge at last had gone down and the sun once more shone upon the earth the Indian and his llama descended from the mountain top. Such a different world was it that they saw about them! Everywhere there was unspeakable desolation. Indeed all their green pastures had been washed away!

As soon as he could, the Indian brought together some sticks and some stones to make a little hut for himself. He and his llama lived upon the roots which he dug from the ground. Very different was it from the good old days before the flood. The Indian and his llama often talked about those happy times.

Digging roots enough to feed them was by no means an easy task and it was a tired Indian who crawled home to the little hut each night. One evening when he came he was amazed to see how neat and tidy everything was looking. There was even a little garden started.

"What has happened to the place?" he asked the llama as he stared about the tiny hut in surprise. "Who has been here to help me?"

"I do not know," replied the llama. "Wait and see. All things are made clear to one who waits long enough."

The next day the same thing happened again. The hut looked even better than it did the first night. And the little garden was flourishing, growing hour by hour.

"To-morrow I am going to stay home and watch, Friend Llama," remarked the Indian, heaving a great sigh of contentment. "This is the most like having a home of anything I've seen since the Great Deluge. I must find out the cause of such good fortune."

The next day the Indian stayed in the hut, hidden as well as he could hide himself in the pile of leaves and bark upon which he made his bed. He did not have to wait long. Soon two handsome birds, the aqua bird and the torito bird, came flying in through the opening which served for a door.

"Now I know who is helping me!" cried the

Indian, springing up from his hiding place and holding out his hand to catch the aqua bird which happened to be nearer to him.

The aqua bird escaped from his grasp and flew out of the hut, but the torito bird stayed to do the work. Then the Indian caught her. As he looked into her eyes he saw that she had the eyes of a woman.

"Who or what are you?" asked the surprised Indian, stroking her soft feathers gently.

Then the torito bird left her feather mantle in his hands and stood before him a woman.

From that day the beautiful torito bird lived in the hut with the Indian. She became the mother of all living. To this very day the Canaris Indians deck their heads with the feathers of this bird in honor of the first mother of the race.

Then the Indian caught her.

XIII

THE KING

In those days after the Great Deluge when once more men and women lived upon the earth there were new troubles which arose.

"Why should men rule over us?" asked the llama. "Why should men command us to bear their burdens for them?"

"Why should women rule over us, compelling us to do their work for them?" asked the grinding stones. "We are tortured daily, grinding our surfaces because of them. Always it is holi, huqui, holi, holi, huqui, huqui, grind, grind, grind!"

"They have done ill to us!" cried the dogs and the fowls in answer.

Thus it came to pass that, led by the llama and the grinding stones, all the beasts and all the stones revolted against their rulers. Difficult indeed was life for the human race in those days, and it was long before they could establish their supremacy once more upon the earth. Not

until the first king had invented a new bow and arrow did the most unruly among the beasts again know their places. And with the beasts once more working for their rulers, the grinding stones went back to their task very meekly, though they still grumbled sometimes at the holi, holi, huqui, huqui, grind, grind, grind.

Now those years after the Great Flood were known as "the time without any kings" in the records which the Indians gave the Spaniards when they arrived in South America. And the coming of a king happened in a strange way indeed!

Five huge eggs, each one almost as large as an Indian hut, appeared on the top of a lofty mountain. Out of the largest of these eggs there sprang a king, and out of the others there sprang warriors to defend him, warriors hatched out of their eggs in the form of four huge falcons. Together with his falcon warriors the king made many long marches through his kingdom.

The name of the king was Paricaca and his lands stretched far and wide. One day in the course of a solitary journey through his domains

he came to a little village which to-day bears the name of San Lorenzo. There he suddenly came upon a pretty little maid, weeping bitterly.

"What is the matter, fair maid?" asked the king. "Why are you crying so sorrowfully?"

"Indeed, I have good reason to be crying," sobbed the girl. "My maize crop is dying. There is no water to keep it alive."

Then King Paricaca noticed how lovely the maid was, with her slender wrists and hands, her graceful form and the clouds of dusky hair, and the long eyelashes which swept her fair cheeks. He looked very thoughtful for a moment before he answered her.

"What is your name, fair maid?" he asked.

"My name is Choque Suso," replied the girl, peeping shyly from beneath her long lashes.

"Very well, beautiful Choque Suso," said the king. "I have traveled many leagues but never have my eyes beheld so fair a maid as you. Accordingly I will make a proposal to you. If you will be my bride, I'll bring water to your maize crop. How is that for a fair offer?"

Choque Suso stared at him in amazement.

"Who are you?" she asked, as soon as she could find her voice.

"Did you ever hear of King Paricaca?" he questioned gently, as he smiled into her eyes.

Indeed, the little maid of San Lorenzo had often heard of King Paricaca, but never had she expected to see him. Hardly could she believe it was really he who stood before her, smiling so pleasantly.

"Yes, I will marry you very gladly," said she shyly, "but not until you have brought the water to my maize crop. And I must not think only of my own crop. All the maize in the whole village is dying from the lack of water. I will marry you only when you have brought water to all the maize which is dying here in San Lorenzo."

"That is very easily arranged," smiled the king.

At once he called together all the snakes and lizards and beasts and birds and insects which knew how to dig, for once more there was industry restored among them. The fox was appointed to be the chief engineer because of

his keen wits. Together they worked, each one doing his best, and in a little while they had built a canal which carried water into San Lorenzo, water enough to save all the maize crops in the whole village and more besides.

"Now, lovely Choque Suso, will you consent to be my bride?" asked King Paricaca, as proudly he displayed the work to her, showing her how the dying maize was already beginning to revive once more under the touch of the life-giving water.

Then the beautiful little Choque Suso took the king's hand and went to live with him on the top of the lofty mountain peak. Willingly indeed beasts and grinding stones worked for the royal pair! So happy were they that when King Paricaca asked Choque Suso to leave her mountain home and journey with him about the kingdom, she always shook her head.

"I am so happy here I cannot bear to go away. I want to stay here always," were her words.

When at last Choque Suso died she was turned into stone in order that she might have her wish and stay on the mountains forever.

To this very day you will find her there. And the canals which King Paricaca built with the aid of the industrious diggers among the beasts and birds and insects are there too, for this is the story the Indians told the Spaniards to explain the origin of irrigation.

XIV

THE ROYAL PRINCE

When you study history you hear much about "the divine right of kings." It is a question which used to cause a great deal of trouble for other people besides the kings. Lately, here in America it has never bothered us much, thanks to men like Washington and Bolivar and San Martin. However, back in the beginning of time the divine right of kings began on American soil by King Paricaca being hatched out of an egg. Where there are kings there must be plenty of warriors to defend the royal rights, so warriors were hatched out of the other eggs, of course. Thus it was that militarism was begun on American shores! However, even in those days, this king had a son who was a most democratic sort of prince, as you shall see.

The royal prince, Huathiacuri, whom you may call "Who-hath-a-cure" if you like, was the son of King Paricaca. Though he was a prince and

could deck himself in gold and silver and in feather mantles if he chose, he often dressed in rags. He traveled about his father's kingdom, learning all he could about everything he saw. Learning was what interested him, and he was so busy finding out about things that he had little time to remember that he was the son of a great king who had warriors to defend him. If he had any battles to fight he fought them for himself and did not ask the aid of any warrior.

Now, although the king ranked high above the people, there were gods above the king. But a man arose who had so many llamas and such treasure of gold and silver that he aspired to be not a king, but a god. He built himself a wonderful palace with a roof of green and yellow feathers.

"Now at last I am an equal of Karu and Rairu!" cried the rich man when finally the palace with the roof of green and yellow feathers was completed.

Karu and Rairu heard him. And at once he fell sick.

"Oh, find me something to relieve my ago-

nies," groaned the rich man. "I see I am not an equal of the gods, after all. I'll give everything I own in the world to make me well again."

Then all the relatives and friends and servants of the rich man sought for some remedy to cure him. Everything they did for him, however, made him worse and worse. The poor rich man lay in his palace with the roof of green and yellow feathers, moaning and groaning and writhing in pain. Nobody felt quite so sorry as did his youngest daughter. She could not endure staying in the palace where she could hear his groans. So she wrapped her mantle about her and walked among the trees.

Presently the royal prince passed that way. Nobody would have guessed that he was a king's son, so ragged were the clothes he wore. The sick man's daughter never glanced at him at all, but the moment the prince saw her he knew that she was the one woman in the world for him. She was the most beautiful maid he had seen.

"Fair lady, may I not be of some service to you?" asked the prince, noticing that she appeared to be deeply troubled about something.

"My father is so ill that nobody can find anything to help him," replied the lovely maid, drawing her mantle more closely about her and glancing disdainfully at the prince's ragged garments.

Now "Who-hath-a-cure" in his wanderings had made friends with all the beasts. He believed that none of them had so much wisdom as the fox. As fast as he could he hurried to the fox.

"Friend Fox," said he, when he had greeted him politely, "do you happen to know the cause of the illness of the rich man who made the mistake of thinking himself a god?"

"Of course I do," replied the fox. "It is such a simple little thing that nobody has thought to remedy it."

Then he told "Who-hath-a-cure" about it, and the prince ran all the way to the palace with the roof of green and yellow feathers. The beautiful maiden was again walking up and down under the trees, stuffing her fingers into her ears so she could not hear her father's groans, which were so loud they could be noticed a long distance from the palace. Three times the

prince had to speak before he could attract her attention.

"Fair maid, will you love one who cures your father?" asked the prince.

Staring at his ragged garments, she did not pay the least attention to his words.

"Fair maid, will you love one who cures your father?" repeated the prince, until at last, with the third utterance, he attracted her notice.

"What!" cried the indignant maiden. "Don't you know that you are insulting me?"

Perhaps if the prince had told her who he was she might have changed her mind! As it was, he never thought of revealing to her his royal descent. For himself alone he wanted to be loved. The groans from the palace reminded him that there was no time to lose if he wished to save the man's life, however.

"Take me to your father!" were his words, and there was something in his voice which made the rich man's daughter obey him.

Now the groans were growing fainter and fainter as if the tortured man had little more breath with which to moan. When Huathiacuri

was led into the palace with the roof of green and yellow feathers and into the room where the dying man lay, he touched him very gently on the shoulder.

"I can cure you!" declared he confidently.

"If that is true, I'll give you anything I possess," murmured the dying man, looking up into the prince's kind, earnest young face.

"The first thing I want is what is under your grinding stone!" said the prince. "Let it be brought me at once."

Instantly a servant was dispatched to the grinding stone and when he returned with a two-headed toad the rich man's wife and daughters shrugged their shoulders in disgust. Already their own medicine men had used all the virtues which the toad possesses, singing their hideous chants as they wrought their magic.

But the stranger used the toad in a far different way. One leg of it he tossed into the river where it is said that a new fish was found next day. As for the rest of it, they say the prince threw it up into the sky, where, borne aloft on the wings of his father's falcon warriors, it still

remains as the Southern Cross. You may look at the Southern Cross yourself some day, and see if it does not look like a toad with one leg gone.

After thus speedily disposing of the toad the prince lost no time in returning to the apartment of the sick man. There he found him sitting up in bed laughing, while his family and servants looked on, speechless in amazement.

"The very moment that two-headed toad was removed from under my grinding stone I felt well once more," he was saying.

"And now for your reward, my friend!" cried he, when his eye fell upon the prince. (Indeed the ragged man's right name was "Who-hath-a-cure!" thought the sick man.) "I am as well as ever, but never again will I think myself the equal of Karu and Rairu! And you, mysterious healer of my infirmities, you have won my daughter as your bride!"

Now all the other daughters had married men of wealth, possessed of many llamas, and the youngest daughter could not keep back a look of disgust as she stared at Huathiacuri's

ragged clothing, with never a glance at his shining eyes resting upon her so pleadingly. However, her father's word was law. The wedding was celebrated at once with a great feast.

XV

THE CONTESTS

When Prince Huathiacuri had married the rich man's daughter he was not as happy as he should have been. His bride was a pretty girl, but that was all one could say of her. She never noticed his fine mind and brave spirit but saw only his ragged garments. As for his brothers-in-law, they were just as disagreeable as they could be. Like his bride, they were always making fun of his clothes.

One day his eldest brother-in-law suggested that they should give a party.

"We'll make it a contest in dancing and drinking," suggested another one of the brothers-in-law. "The prize shall go to the best dancer and we'll give another prize to the one who can mix the best drink. (This brother-in-law was especially noted for the drinks he could prepare.)

"I'll help!" cried the prince. "I'll try for both the prizes, too!"

"You'll do nothing of the sort!" scolded his

wife. "You are quite ridiculous enough as you are without doing anything to make yourself more so!"

All the brothers-in-law were laughing so that they had to hold their sides. One of the reasons why they were planning to have the party was to humiliate the prince.

"Heaven help a man when even his wife discourages him!" cried Huathiacuri, as he strode away in wrath.

Now he wanted so much to win this contest that he decided to go to his father for advice. When King Paricaca heard all about it he put on his thinking cap.

"Dear son, you are wise enough now to know even the gift of magic," said he, after he had pondered thoughtfully. "You shall go up into the mountains and change yourself into a dead llama."

As soon as the prince had thanked his father he climbed up among the mountains and here he changed himself into a dead llama lying by the path. Presently along came a fox and a vixen. The fox was carrying a flute of many

pipes and the vixen a jar of the magic drink called chicha. Seeing the dead llama, they stopped to feast and dance. Then the prince changed into his true form so quickly that they ran away, leaving behind both the flute and the jar of magic drink. Seizing these, Huathiacuri went back to the palace with the roof of green and yellow feathers.

"I am sorry, my dear, that I lost my temper," said he to his wife. "Please forgive me."

"I wish you'd keep your filthy rags away from me," she scolded, as she pulled herself away from his loving arm.

The night of the party the prince took his flute and with it he danced so wonderfully that nobody noticed his rags. Everybody decided that he should have the prize. There had never been such dancing seen in the land!

Then the drinks were passed around for everybody to sample. When the prince passed the jar of the magic drink there was nobody who had ever tasted anything so delicious as that. The brother-in-law who had prided himself on his ability to prepare drinks frowned now. In-

There had never been such dancing seen in the land.

deed, all the brothers-in-law were cross, for the party was not turning out at all as they had expected. All it accomplished was to establish chicha as the favorite drink and to make the despised new brother-in-law the most popular one of them all.

"We'll give another party," they planned. "This time there will be a contest in dress, and the prize shall go to the one who wears the most beautiful costume."

When the prince's bride heard of this contest she laughed sneeringly.

"Now everybody will find out how foolish a marriage was forced upon me! At last people will begin to understand what I suffer, wedded to a man who dresses in rags!"

When the day of the party arrived the prince went robed in the skin of a lion. As he walked among the guests it seemed that a rainbow hovered about his head. Of course there was nobody there who was dressed in such magnificence and everybody decided that he had won the prize.

"Who are you?" asked his bride, as she looked

wonderingly into the depths of his shining eyes.

"These are silly contests," decided the brothers-in-law. "It requires no skill at all to win the prizes in these. Next we shall have a real contest in which real work is involved. Let us have a contest in building."

Accordingly they all set to work to construct houses for themselves. The brothers-in-law had many servants and llamas to help them, but when night came the prince's house had not progressed very far in comparison to the others.

"Why go on with it?" discouraged his wife. "Your house is good for nothing. I am so ashamed of it!"

That night all the beasts came to help the prince. So rapidly and so skillfully did they work that when morning dawned the house was finished except the roof. As soon as it was light the llamas belonging to the brothers-in-law came up with loads of straw upon their backs.

There was one friendly beast who had done no work for the prince. This was the lion, and now he let out a horrible roar so that the llamas

all ran away, leaving the straw behind. Soon the prince had a roof upon his house made from the straw which the llamas of his brothers-in-law had brought to him. His house was completed when they came out to begin work.

"How did you get your house done so soon?" they asked in amazement, glancing from the fine new house, completed with its straw-thatched roof, to their own roofless houses.

"Even though you got your house finished first, I don't like it," complained his wife. "It is not at all the sort of place I admire. To a girl brought up in a home which had a roof of green and yellow feathers a roof of straw appears very ordinary indeed!"

As soon as these words were out of her mouth the prince stood her on her head with her heels in the air. Then he turned her into stone where she stands to this very day with her head on the ground and her heels in the air.

Then he turned to the three brothers-in-law. These he changed into deer which ran quickly away through the forest. Before this time it is said that deer ate men, but after this it came

about that the process was reversed, men eating deer instead.

Now all this time the falcon warriors who defended the rights of the king had been keeping a watchful eye over the royal prince.

"He seems quite able to take care of himself!" boasted one to another, as proudly they watched him. "There is little for us to do!"

"There is still something lacking!" remarked another. "To us belongs the right to give a little help to him, fearless and independent though he is."

At that the falcon warriors swept the winds and the clouds with their huge wings, stirring up such a great storm that the palace with the roof of green and yellow feathers was destroyed with everybody in it.

After that it is said that nobody tried making any other roof except one thatched with straw. Even the great gold-lined temples of later ages had straw roofs.

XVI

HOW THE ALLIGATOR GOT HIS SCALES

Now Rairu ruled the world with law and order. Everything had its appointed place. The sun and the moon, which had been set in the sky, had their own paths and when they were not in use they were kept in big pots with the lid tightly fastened on. Every bright star which shone in the violet sky at night had its own appointed place. In the earth each beast had its own duties to perform; each flower had its own color and its own sweet perfume. In the sea even the fishes had their own paths and the same was true in the rivers and lakes. Every little fish had its own coat of lovely iridescent colors, blue and silver and mauve and gold and pink and brown and black and gray and white.

It so happened that in a certain little river the pretty rose and silver fish which dwelt there would not stay at home.

"What am I going to do with you to keep you from being such silly little gadabouts?" asked

Rairu one day, when he visited them. "I have scolded and scolded you until I am tired!"

"We do not know," answered the little rose and silver fishes. "We are very sorry when you scold us. We always promise you that we'll do better next time."

"I know you do that," answered the great Rairu very sadly. "But as soon as my back is turned you do not seem to remember your promises at all. I'll try you just once more. This time, if you do not stay where you belong, I shall think up some new scheme to fix you. Wait and see!"

And so Rairu went away to visit other lakes and rivers and gardens. Soon, however, he returned to the river where he had left the little rosy silver fish, to see if they were obeying him. Not a single one of them could he find there.

"Now I am going to fix you there so you cannot get out!" thundered he, when he once more had collected them in their appointed place. "You know what I told you the last time I was here."

"Yes, we know," answered the little fishes

sadly. "And we are very sorry that we are such gadabouts!"

"I am tired of hearing that story any more!" cried Rairu. "This is going to be a different one!"

Then Rairu set to work at building a great dam in the river. He called all the beasts to come and help him. There was none of them so good at building as was the beaver, and so he has remained a builder even until now.

When at last the fine dam was completed Rairu said to the pretty little fishes, "Now see if you are not entirely cured of being such silly little gadabouts!"

So Rairu went away over the hills and mountains and through the forests and jungles to visit other parts of the great beautiful world which he so dearly loved. After a long time he came back to visit the little rose and silver fishes he had left safely fastened in their own river by means of the strong dam. He called them and he called them, but there was no answer. The dam was broken and they all had run away.

"What can be the cause of this?" asked Rairu in anger. "The little fishes cannot be to blame for breaking the dam. They are silly, foolish little things, it is true, but somebody else has done the breaking of the dam."

Rairu at last called together all the rosy silver fishes which had run away and safely herded them back into their own place. Then he called together the beasts to repair the dam. That was the time he heard the alligator boasting.

"Very smart indeed you think yourselves," he was boasting. "But you cannot build a dam which will be strong enough to keep me from breaking it if I wish."

"So you are the one who broke my fine dam and let the little fish run away again!" cried the angry Rairu when he had heard these taunting words. "I shall arrange things with you so you will not want to break my dam again!"

With these words the mighty Rairu seized a great tree as a club and beat the alligator so that he was all covered with scales on his back and sides.

"Now will you break my dam and let my little fishes run away from their appointed place?" thundered the great voice of Rairu.

"No," replied the alligator very meekly. "I will never break your dam again."

But to this very day the alligator has borne scales along his back and his sides where he was beaten by the club of the mighty Rairu.

XVII

HOW THE RACES OBTAINED THEIR COLORS

THERE are those who say there is no color line in Brazil. I do not agree with this opinion for I have discovered that instead of one color line there are many color lines. We were discussing this one evening with Senhor Solomão, our Portuguese teacher, who was as wise as a man of his name ought to be, when he remarked, "The Indians of the far north of South America tell us just how it happened that the races obtained their different colors. Perhaps you would like to hear the story."

This is the story as nearly as I can remember it:

The Indians say that the Milky Way is the path of the bearers of white clay. Their feet have become so smeared with it that they leave behind the tracks which we see at night. There have been so very many of them that they have

made a great path in the sky, as any of us can see for ourselves.

The very first of the bearers of the white clay was named Makonaima. In those days all the people were Indians and the great Makonaima sat on a majestic silk-cotton tree and called all the Indians about him.

When they had assembled he asked them this question: "What is it, my children, that you would like me to do for you with this fine white clay which I have brought you from the skies?"

Now Makonaima was expecting they would ask him to teach them how to make fine pottery in the form of beasts and birds and fishes, which is something which the Indians learned after a time to do for themselves. There are those who say that one of them climbed so tall a tree that he was able to tread the Milky Way itself and to visit the home of Makonaima in the heavens so that he might bring back to his people, along the path of the bearers of white clay, the very patterns which Makonaima himself used.

In any case, whether or not this be the true way in which they learned to make the figure

The very first of the bearers of the white clay was named Makonaima.

pottery which we preserve in our museums today, it was not the gift which the Indians craved as they assembled about the mighty Makonaima sitting in the silk-cotton tree. It was nothing at all like that which they asked.

"May we in truth make choice of that which we most desire?" asked the spokesman of the Indians, a great chief who towered high above most of the other men of his tribe.

"Did you not hear my words?" asked Makonaima. "It is indeed my desire to make for you what you want most from this white clay which I have brought you from the skies."

"Then make for us, mighty Makonaima," asked the chief, "make for the tallest and handsomest of our number white coverings so that we may form a tribe of white men. It is tiresome for all of us to have the same dull color."

Now Makonaima was very much surprised at that request. It was a thing exceedingly difficult to do, but what he had promised he had promised. There was nothing else to do but make a tribe of white men. Accordingly he chose the very tallest and handsomest of the

Indians, just as the chief had suggested. The chief himself was the first one.

Then Makonaima took some of the white clay he had brought with him from the heavens and covered every inch of the Indian's body very carefully with it. He set it away to harden and when the process was fully completed there was a tribe of white men where formerly there had been only Indians.

Now it had been a very difficult task and when he had completed a score or more of them he was very tired. Accordingly he went away to look at the maize fields and to rest under the shade of the mango tree. When he came back to make another tribe of white men out of the clay which was left, it had grown quite black with dirt.

"My clay, my beautiful white clay, which I brought with me from the heavenly regions is spoiled!" cried he in disgust. "It is white no longer! It is black like the ebony itself!"

Now the waiting Indians were so disappointed that they could not be painted white that Makonaima felt sorry for them.

"I cannot paint you white like your brothers,

unfortunately," said he; "but if you wish it I can use this clay which is dirty and manage the best I can."

"Paint us with it!" cried the waiting Indians. "Do the best you can with the dirty clay. We trust ourselves in your hands."

So Makonaima covered the bodies of the Indians just as painstakingly and carefully as when the clay had been fresh and white. The result was that he made a black tribe.

This is why, from that day on, there were not only Indians but black men and white men in the world.

But the red warriors came to the country in quite a different fashion. Far redder were they than other Indians, too. The tribe of Indians known as the Warau was then living in happy hunting grounds above the sky, when one day Oko, a young hunter, shot an arrow which missed its mark and was lost. Searching for it, he spied a hole through which the lost arrow had fallen.

"This is very interesting," remarked he aloud. "Let me see what I can see!"

Accordingly Oko put his eye to the hole, and looking down, beheld the earth beneath with its game-filled forests and plains. By means of a cotton rope he at once lowered himself down, tearing through the tiny hole which his arrow had pierced, and half sliding, half falling, reached the earth.

"This looks to me like very good hunting," said Oko. "I must go back and tell the rest of my tribe about it."

So he pulled himself up slowly, hand over hand, and squeezed himself through the hole once more. His reports of the new hunting grounds were so encouraging that the whole Warau tribe wanted to go thither.

In single file they lowered themselves carefully through the hole, men, women and little children all sliding and falling down the cotton rope until they reached the earth. The very last one of all the tribe was a fat old grandmother. This poor unlucky squaw was so enormous that she stuck fast in the hole. She wriggled this way and she wriggled that way. She pushed and she struggled. But all was in vain, for try as

she would she could get neither up nor down. Thus it happened that the Warau tribe was forever prevented from returning to the sky world.

Now in the new hunting ground everything was not exactly as they had believed it to be. There was plenty of game at first but after a time this new land became so dry and arid that the game died like flies and the Waraus themselves began to be afraid of dying, too, from the drought.

Then it happened that Makonaima himself heard their cries. Coming down the Milky Way with a jar of water he emptied it on the arid lands. Immediately there appeared a lake full of most delicious water.

"This lake is for you to drink from," said Makonaima. "But, my children, remember that it is for drinking only. Never let one of you dare to bathe in it."

So the tribe of the Waraus enjoyed the delicious fresh water of the cold lake. None of the men attempted to bathe until the drought should be past and there should be plenty of bathing

places. But it so happened that in the family of young braves who bore the name of Koro there was a pretty little sister whose name was Korobona who was very proud of her good looks.

"I need a bath," said she one day to herself. "Nobody will know if I steal out in the moonlight and bathe in the cool waters of the lake."

Full well she knew that this had been forbidden by the mighty Makonaima himself, who had emptied his jar there, but the more she thought about it the more it seemed worth trying. That very night she stole out of her bed into the moonlight and plunged into the cold waters of the lake.

"This is splendid!" cried she. "Why didn't I do this before? There's nothing like it! To-morrow I must tell my sister to try it too!"

Just then Korobona hit a pole which nobody knew was in the center of the lake. Immediately the spirit of the pool, who was a sea serpent which had been bound to the pole, was released. He seized the struggling little Korobona in his arms and darted with her to the depths of the cold lake.

Now in the morning the sister and the four brothers of Korobona tried to find her.

"Where can she be?" they asked. "Last night she slept in peace among us. What can have become of her?"

They searched for her everywhere but nobody could find even the trace of her little footprint upon the dry ground.

"Some wild beast must have borne her away and devoured her!" cried the brothers. "We will take our bows and arrows and go out into the forest to hunt for it."

Little did they dream that the fierce beast was in the lake itself until, one day long afterward, they spied something swimming about the forbidden waters. When Korobona's son had been born he had the face of his mother but the body of the sea serpent. The very first time he came swimming about the surface of the lake the hunters spied him.

"What is this which brings pollution to our lake?" cried they, seeing only the serpent body.

A moment more and a swiftly speeding arrow had put to death Korobona's little son.

"It has the face of our sister, our lost Korobona!" cried one of the warriors. "Now we know that she was lured away into the depths of the lake!"

Korobona had spent many happy days in the depths of the lake with the sea serpent and her little son. When she knew that her child had been put to death by the arrow of the Warau hunters she came back to earth and found his little dead body. His grave she tended so carefully that out of it there sprang a warrior, fully armed for battle and red like the leaves with which she had covered the grave of the little one.

This red warrior became the first of the Caribs, it is said, who forthwith drove from their ancient hunting grounds the whole Warau tribe. Never were they able to get back to the heavenly hunting ground, however, because the fat old grandmother was never able to get herself out of the hole.

XVIII

THE FROG WITCH

I HAD to go to Brazil to find out many things, for instance that the sweet Bahia orange must be eaten green, or otherwise it becomes bitter, and to learn that Brazil nuts are far more common in New York than they are in most parts of Brazil. And I had to go to Brazil to hear that there is such a thing as a story of a fat witch. All the witches of which I had ever heard had been thin and gaunt.

Now this wicked witch who lived in the dense jungles of the valley of the Orinoco where the trees and lianas grow so thick that the sunlight never penetrates and where creeping things and crawling things hold sway both day and night, was thin of lip and cold of eye but with fat jowls and a round body because she was so fond of sweets. They did not, however, in the least sweeten her disposition or her voice. Her voice was a hoarse dismal croak and her great fat arms and long-fingered hands seemed

always to be seeking for something to torture. Bright scarlet was her dress, with splashes of green and azure, for she loved bright colors.

In the little clearing where a tribe of Indians had their settlement she was greatly feared. Often they heard the frightened chatter of the monkeys as she chased them. Many times a fat pig was missing among them and the wise old women of the tribe would shake their heads sadly, murmuring to each other, "The witch! the witch!" Then it was that the children of the tribe kept close by the side of their mothers all day.

There were even those who said they had heard the song of the witch, croaked hoarsely in her grim voice. These were her words:

"Crawl and creep;
Crawl and creep;
I will catch you
If you sleep.

Run and climb;
Run and climb;

I am always
Close behind.

My name is Wowta,
From me there is no escape!"

Now among the Indians there was one little lad called Aboré who was the most promising child of the entire tribe. Though he was only a little boy he knew how to shoot with the bow, to paddle the canoe, to make baskets, to set traps and to fish. He was the pride and joy of his mother, and even the aged chief himself nodded his wise old head, saying, "That one will go far and will bring glory to our tribe."

Now one evening as the moon and stars shone down brightly, the Indians were sitting around the camp fire, talking about the witch Wowta and the many things which had recently been stolen by her. Perhaps it was simply because they were talking and thinking about her, but at any rate they were sure they heard her harsh hoarse voice, dismally croaking nearby:

"Crawl and creep;
Crawl and creep;

I will catch you
If you sleep;

Run and climb;
Run and climb;
I am always
Close behind."

That night the mother of Aboré could not sleep and when the morning light at last shone through the trees she bade him keep very close beside her that day.

Now the old witch Wowta often had noticed the bright eyes and intelligent face of the boy Aboré. Often had she envied his mother as the lad ran beside her.

"That is just such a child as I wish I might have," mused she to herself. "I can see that he is possessed of unusual intelligence. Such a one is just the slave I need to assist me with my magic."

So Wowta set to work to manufacture a wonderful kite. She made it out of the slender twigs of the feathery bamboo and from paper made by unraveling the bark of the paper

plant. A long line was fastened to it, so long a one that it would stretch for many leagues. When at last the kite was completed, she laid it by the canoe of the child Aboré.

When the boy discovered it, he never gave a thought to the witch Wowta of whom his mother had warned him. Now fear had passed away and he was once more wandering about at will. All the other Indians had taken their canoes and the women were at a distance busy with their basket-making, so there was nobody to advise him to be cautious.

"What is this lovely thing?" asked Aboré, as he took it carefully in his hands. "It has been made with the utmost care. I wonder who could have given me anything so wonderful."

Then he started to fly the kite, and indeed it seemed as if it were flying itself, so full of magic was it. In a moment it had risen high into the sky, lifting the boy with it. Far up it flew and then, veering toward the east, it at last came to rest in the tree tops, frightening the birds and monkeys so that they called and chattered loudly.

It seemed as if it were flying itself, so full of magic was it.

In a few moments Aboré saw great long-fingered hands reaching for him among the tree tops and heard the hoarse croaking voice of the wicked witch Wowta.

"See, oh, see,
What do I see!!
I see a lad
Where a bird might be."

Her face, with its fat mottled jowls, its thin lips and cold hard eyes, was bending over him and the frightened lad screamed with fright. Then he heard her croak:

"Why do you cry, little lad, little lad?
Has your mother taught you that Wowta is bad?"

Then the witch took the child Aboré to her lair and though she fed him well on roast chicken and fat pigs and fruits and honey, he grew thin and pale, crying for his own dear mother.

After a time Wowta asked him one day, "Would you like to go to visit your old home?"

There was a cold hard sneer in her laugh as

the boy eagerly replied, "I would like it the most of anything in the whole wide world."

So Wowta took Aboré to the place where the Indian encampment had been. But all was desolation! As soon as the Indians had discovered that the boy had been spirited away by the wicked witch they had broken camp and chosen a new abiding place far away, lest other promising lads of the tribe might be stolen too.

"Oh, take me to my mother!" cried Aboré, when he saw the desolation of his old home. "Surely, Wowta, you know everything. You know where she is to be found."

But Wowta only laughed her dry croaking laugh and took the boy back to her lair, saying, "Perhaps now you will stop your silly mourning for your mother and appreciate all I am teaching you."

Indeed it was true that Wowta was teaching the boy much magic. She was teaching him how to make many magic powders and brews. And in her own way she was fond of him and was kind to him. But this was the song she sang as she prepared dinner:

"I must torture;
I must kill;
Of flesh and blood
I must eat my fill."

Aboré, who had belonged to a tribe of kind Indians, could never get used to this and he often asked, "Don't you know any kind, happy songs, Wowta?"

And Wowta would look at him questioningly, for the words "kind and happy" were something she could not understand.

The days and weeks and months sped by and at last Aboré was growing big and strong and wise and skillful. The witch thought she was making of him just the sort of a slave she had always longed to possess. In those days she went about singing her horrid croaking songs more than ever, and she was growing fatter and fatter. Her bright scarlet dress was becoming tight.

"I cannot stand this sort of life any longer, with only a horrid old witch for company, ordering me about to do her wicked deeds of

blackness and torture and death," said Aboré to himself. "There must be some way out of this. The old chief of our tribe often told us that there is always a way out of any difficulty."

So Aboré went about his tasks day by day, thinking and plotting of some way to escape from Wowta. Finally he thought of a plan which seemed to him a very good one.

"I have found a bee tree," said he to the witch one day. "If you will come with me I will show you where to get honey enough to eat your fill."

"How sharp your eyes are!" cried the witch admiringly. "You are often seeing things before I see them myself." And she hurried after him, croaking:

"Honey and blood!
Honey and blood!
These are the foods for me!"

When at last they came to the tree full of honey, the witch Wowta lost no time in gobbling it down as fast as she could. Now the young Aboré had prepared a trap for Wowta in the bee tree and when she could eat no more of the

sweet sticky honey she could not get out. She struggled and struggled but she was wedged fast.

Then Aboré hurried away to the river bank and lost no time in constructing for himself the canoe which he had often longed to make but which Wowta would never allow him to begin. In it he paddled himself out of the jungle full of creeping and crawling things where daylight never enters. There are those who say that he paddled away to the land of the white men where he taught them many arts and much magic.

As for the witch Wowta, the only way she could think of to get herself out of the tree where she was stuck fast was to turn herself into a frog. If she did that, she knew she would have to stay like that forever, for she was familiar with no magic to turn herself back into a witch. She thought and thought of all possible schemes of getting out. None of them would work, so there was nothing for her to do except turn herself into a frog. So she has remained even until now, her dismal croaking still heard

in deep forests and jungles. Scarlet is her body, with touches of azure and green; its dried mummy, like the tail of the giant armadillo, is a charm carried by hunters. Wowta, the tree frog, never comes to the ground, but as a trap to unsuspecting mortals she leaves little pools of honey which, when tasted, are bitter indeed. If a man drinks of it, forever after he hops each night, clasping the tree trunks with his arms, endeavoring to climb them but always falling. Not until he succeeds in reaching a pool of honey in an uncut tree can he be restored to his former state, they say.

XIX

HOW THE FOX USED HIS WITS

In those sad days after strife entered the world the beasts walked in fear. Every one of them was afraid of some neighbor. Nobody was hated more than was the fox because his clever mind was always inventing new ways to outwit the others. The big jaguar himself decided to slay him.

"If I can get rid of the fox, it will be much more peaceful, much more like old times," said he.

So the jaguar laid a snare for the fox. Very carefully he cut a fine clean path leading to it. When the fox passed that way, the jaguar was waiting for him.

"Good day!" said he. "Look, Mr. Fox, what a fine path I have made for you. See how free it is from thorns. All this have I done to make things easy for you and to show you that I am your friend."

The fox looked at the freshly cut path and

then at Mr. Jaguar. He could not believe that he had really been so kind.

"Thank you very much, Mr. Jaguar," said he. "Indeed you have been very kind, but I never for a moment could think of walking ahead of you. Pray, proceed down the path yourself. It is for me to walk behind."

So the jaguar walked down the path, trying to avoid the trap, but in spite of the best efforts he could make he was caught by it. It pinched him cruelly and for many days he could not hunt according to his custom.

Now those days the jaguar grew very hungry.

"I know what I will do," said he. "I will pretend I am dead. I'll lie here in the path very still as if I were lifeless and then when the other beasts come to mourn for me I'll be able to catch them in spite of my lameness."

So the jaguar lay down in the path as if he were dead. Then the armadillo passed that way.

"The jaguar is dead, thanks be to the great Tupan!" cried he. "I must go and tell the others so that they may rejoice with me."

The jaguar was not pleased to hear how un-

popular he was but he kept on lying there as if he were lifeless. Soon the beasts of the forest gathered about his still body, each one rejoicing. The fox was there, eyeing the jaguar slyly.

"I do not believe he is dead," remarked Mr. Fox. "When my uncle died he rolled over three times. You cannot be sure until you see him roll over three times."

The jaguar, hearing this, rolled over three times.

"Now you see how dead he is!" laughed the fox. "You must all run away fast before he catches you!"

Then the jaguar dragged himself back to his cave more dead than alive and if his relatives had not taken pity on him, bringing him food and drink, he truly might have died. As it was, with plenty to eat and no exercise, he grew large and fat. When he was well again he discovered that he was now so big he could not get out of the cave. The great stone at the entrance would not let him pass. There was nothing to do except wait for somebody to come along to roll it away.

Along came Mr. Fox and the jaguar called out, "Mr. Fox, please help me! Please roll away the stone at the entrance of my lair. I cannot get past it."

Then the fox rolled away the stone and the jaguar came out, blinking in the bright sunlight.

"Now what are you going to pay me?" demanded Mr. Fox.

"I am going to devour you with my sharp, sharp teeth!" cried the jaguar.

"Wait a minute!" cried the fox. "One does not repay good with evil."

"One does if one wishes!" roared the jaguar.

"One pays good with good!" answered the fox firmly. "But if you do not believe me let us go ask the wise old man who lives on the island in the midst of the river. He knows everything."

So the jaguar consented to consult the wise man. When they had reached the island the fox told how he had helped the jaguar by rolling away the stone which imprisoned him in his den.

"And what about it?" asked the wise man kindly.

"He wants to pay me by eating me!" cried the fox. "That is not right, is it? Is it the law that one should reward good with evil?"

"Is it not fitting and proper that one should reward good deeds with evil if one wishes and is strong enough?" interrupted the jaguar.

"Let us take a look at your lair," said the wise man thoughtfully. "I must see it for myself."

When they arrived at the jaguar's den he said to the jaguar, "Now my son, go inside so I can see just how it was when this happened."

Then the jaguar entered the cave and the man said to the fox, "And now, my son, just roll the stone back as it was, so I can see how the jaguar was imprisoned."

So the fox rolled back the big stone which had shut the jaguar securely in his cave.

"Now," said the wise man, "let us go away and leave him there to find out whether one should repay good with evil!"

And from that day to this it has been forbidden among the beasts of the jungle to repay good with evil. It came about, you see, because the

fox had wits enough to ask the wise man to settle the question. Very wise is one who knows enough to seek the advice of those who know more than himself.

XX

SUMÉ

In Brazil, in the vicinity of what is now Rio de Janeiro, steep rocky mountains invade the sea and mountainous islands rise abruptly out of its depths. In ages long past this country was the home of the Tomoyes, a tribe of Indians whose nature seemed to have absorbed the rock-like qualities of their surroundings. They were invincible in their battles with the neighboring tribes, the Goytacazes and the Goyanazes. Victory in battle was celebrated by feasting upon the flesh of the conquered enemy.

It was in the midst of such a feast that the assembled warriors beheld a strange sight one day as they were gathered together upon the seashore. Far away at sea approached a huge white figure, shining in the clear dazzling sunlight. Straight across the waves he stepped with great strides, his long white beard dragging in the blue waters of the bay.

The frightened Indians fell upon their faces.

"Who are we," cried the old chieftain, "that we may conquer our enemies until even the immortal gods come to do us honor?"

"The immortal gods come to slay us, rather!" cried the others. "They have grown jealous of our power in the land."

The huge white figure stepped out upon the seashore. The Indians saw that his eyes were kind. His voice was like the sound of music to their ears.

"I am Sumé," he said, "the son of the great god of all the earth, — Tupan. I have come to dwell among you."

Now Sumé was a man like themselves but far larger in stature. His eyes were a deep blue like the sea from which he had stepped; his skin was fair and his long white beard like a garment of snow, covering his breast and reaching even to his feet. The assembled Indians bowed low before him, doing him honor.

For Sumé was built the finest shelter in the whole tribe, even better than the chieftain's own. And so Sumé lived among them as one of themselves. At his feet assembled the chiefs

for counsel, and mothers brought their sick babes to him that he might make them well again.

But when Sumé went out into the thick jungle the Indians saw that he was not one of them at all. Difficult indeed was it for them to clear a pathway through the swiftly growing brush and the hanging lianas but when Sumé entered the jungle at once a path stretched clear and free before his feet. When the wild beasts from their hiding places looked upon him as he passed, the fiercest of them became gentle and kind as in the days before strife entered the world. The great snakes, as they twined about the trees, were harmless in his presence as he passed their way. When storms raged a gentle word from Sumé would calm the wildest of them; when the wild waves dashed themselves against the rocky coasts, a gesture from his hand stilled their fierce rage.

Time passed and at last the year of drought came to the land. There was no food, and mothers led their hungry children before Sumé, asking him that he might feed them. Even the chiefs sought advice from him how to combat the

great hunger which was spreading through the land.

Then it was that Sumé led the people to the places where they had planted their fields, which were now burned so sorely by the sun that they appeared to be desert land.

Holding out his right hand toward them, he said, "The earth, my children, is like this closed hand which you see outstretched to you. It is full of bounty, full of bounty for you all. But it opens only to those who toil over it, to those who toil, toil even until the sweating of the brow."

Then Sumé gave the Indians new seeds to plant, — the bean, the coffee, the rice. And he gave to them the root of the mandioca, showing them how to prepare it for flour. He taught them how to grind their corn, when once more it grew in abundance, since he had taught them how to toil over their fields and had shown them how to prepare the soil.

Now again there was plenty in the land. Now there was song and dancing. Every evening at the sunset hour, when the sky was bright with the glory of the departing day, the Indians

would come from far and wide to the house of Sumé to do him honor and to praise him for all the gifts of plenty he had brought them.

And Sumé not only taught the people how to conquer the earth but he also taught them how to conquer the sea. He showed them how to put sails built like the wings of a bird on their rude boats so that they might fly over the waters like the birds themselves. He taught them how to build for their boats tails and fins like those of the fishes so that they might enjoy the freedom of the seas even as the fishes themselves.

Time passed, and with the passing of the years there passed away from the hearts of the Tomoyes the gratitude they felt to Sumé. Discontented spirits arose among them, ever seeking to stir up unrest in the minds of their people.

"Who are we?" they asked. "Once we were so powerful that our very name was feared among all the other tribes! Why do we sit here quietly at the feet of one who is not of our own people, of one who has blue eyes and a fair skin? It is time that our name once more should become known and feared among all tribes!"

And when they were reminded that no longer did the Tomoyes need to wage war, now that they knew how to conquer their own lands and how to overcome the sea itself, they cried out even more loudly than before against the easy life which made men lose their love of warfare.

One morning the good Sumé awoke to behold row after row of savage Tomoyes ranged before his door. Fierce indeed were they with arms and war paint.

"Give us Sumé as a sacrifice!" called a voice among them, "Sumé, who has weakened our spirits so that we sit at his feet and no longer wage war upon our enemies!"

An Indian, bolder than the others, shot an arrow. Immediately a great stain of blood showed red upon the snowy beard of Sumé.

With a sad smile upon his quiet face the great Sumé walked past the rows of assembled warriors, backward, ever backward, until he came to the sea. Then with the same strange smile, but with no spoken word, he entered the waves which had brought him to them.

Silently the Indian warriors watched him

until he appeared like a white cloud upon the far horizon. Then the whole tribe broke forth into weeping and lamentation.

"We have driven away the great Sumé, who was our friend!" cried they. "We have lost forever the one who brought to us our chiefest blessings, the one who taught to us our greatest wisdom!"

The Indians never forgot the hymn which Sumé taught them. These are the words of part of it:

Creator of the world,
Maker of all men,
Lord of all lords,
My eyes fail me
For longing to see thee,
For the sole desire to know thee.

Might I behold thee,
Might I know thee,
Might I consider thee,
Might I understand thee.
Oh, look down upon me,
For thou knowest me.

The sun — the moon —
The day — the night —
Spring — winter —
Are not ordained in vain.
They all travel
To the assigned places;
They all arrive
At their destined ends,
Whithersoever thou pleasest.

Thy royal scepter
Thou holdest!
Oh, hear me!
Oh, choose!
Let it not be
That I should tire,
That I should die!

Along the western coast of South America, in the Andes Mountains and in the highlands of Bolivia, they tell stories of an old man with a book in his hand which is much like the story of Sumé. When the Spaniards came to Inca Land and heard this story, they were sure that

the good apostle Saint Thomas, who went to India, must have come also to America. There are many people who believe these stories are about a Buddhist priest who visited South America in very early days and there are plenty of others who are sure it is based upon the story of Christ.

However, as I have studied the old Indian legends of South America, not only there but also in the libraries of Lisbon and New York, I have come to believe that it is just another story like the tale of Rairu. In all the old myths there is the idea of a great father and a mighty son at the beginning of the world. Everywhere in South America one hears stories of them, of the beginning of the world in chaos, of First Peoples from whom both animals and men seem to have descended, of a flood which wiped out most of the world, and of a great teacher who taught men how to live better lives. I have told you the story of Sumé as it is told in Brazil and you may think just what you like about it.

XXI

THE STORY OF MANDIOCA

No matter what good dishes our Brazilian cook prepared for our table there was none of them which she liked for herself. Day after day her food was always the same, coffee and beans and farina, which is the coarse part of the mandioca, the tender part of which has been made into tapioca. For her morning meal it was a great bowl of black coffee, stirred thick like a porridge with the coarse farina; for midday it was a bowl of beans, black and juicy and thick with farina, and for her evening meal the same.

"Why is it that you eat only these three things, the coffee, the beans and the farina?" I asked her one day.

"Perhaps it is because they are all three the gifts of the good Sumé," she replied.

"And why is it that you eat farina in everything?" I asked. "It is so coarse I should think it difficult to digest so much of it."

"I like it," she answered simply, then added,

"Perhaps the Senhora does not know the story of its origin?"

"I supposed that the mandioca was one of the things which the good Sumé taught the people to cultivate," was my reply. "Is that the correct story?"

"Yes," she told me. "The good Sumé brought the mandioca to mankind but when he went away again there were no seeds left behind and men feared that it would perish from the earth. This is how it comes to pass that there is still plenty of it to feed our people."

Now I like a little farina myself, especially when it is stirred into the broth in which a chicken has been boiled. And one end of our Thanksgiving turkey is always stuffed with bread crumbs seasoned with onion and sage, while the other end is stuffed with farina. I am happy that mandioca did not perish from the earth, leaving behind no good tapioca puddings or farina! And this is the story:

When the good Sumé departed from the land he left behind no seeds of the mandioca and men

feared that it would perish from the earth. The roots which he had taught the Indians how to plant were nearly dead, so old had they become.

"How can we keep the mandioca alive?" asked the people of their chief, and the old chief shook his head sadly as he replied that he did not know.

Now it came to pass that on this very night a baby boy was born to the chief's daughter, a baby fair to look upon and strong and robust, so that at the age when most little children are being carried about in arms this one was walking sturdily and was talking words of wisdom.

"This child bears upon his head the blessing of the great Sumé himself!" murmured the old chief, as he watched him proudly, his eye dimming even yet at the memory of the Sumé who had taught his people so much wisdom and for whose departure he had mourned so sadly.

Time passed, and with its passing each day the boy grew stronger in body and fleeter of foot. He was taught how to shoot the arrow straight and to use well the spear, how to handle his canoe upon the sea. And he was the very

pride and joy of the old chief's heart. The lad had been given the name of Mani and that name was ever on the old man's lips as he told of his prowess.

Now at last there came a day when there was no more of the mandioca left in the land. It had been tended very carefully indeed to last as long as this, you may be sure. There was great mourning among the people when the last bit of it died, for even then it was just as popular a food as it is to-day.

Now on that same day when disappeared the last of the mandioca, the young lad Mani suddenly sickened with a strange disease for which the wise men of the tribe knew no cure as well as no cause. The aged chieftain hung about the place where the pale child lay moaning in his pain, and it appeared to those who watched that the aged one grew pale and wan even as the child who tossed and groaned.

"There is no cure!" sighed the wise men in response to the sad questioning in the old man's eyes.

As if aroused by this verdict, the child

raised himself and smiled into his grandfather's face.

"Do not mourn for me, dear grandfather," were his words, "for with my passing comes a blessing to our people, a blessing which my long life would never give them."

With these strange words the young lad fell back lifeless. Great indeed was the mourning throughout the tribe, for there was no other lad so promising to succeed the aged chieftain whose days in the world were numbered.

Now from the grave of the boy Mani there sprang the Mandioca. Though the roots left behind by the great Sumé were all dead, now there was plenty in the land. And from that day to this there has been enough for all. Indeed, the death of Mani had brought great blessing to his people and to the people of all time.

XXII

THE SON OF ULÉ

Long ago when the sluggish streams and great marshes were filled with mighty beasts as sluggish as themselves, when great winged creatures flew through the sky and mammoth worms tunneled the mountains, there lived an old witch who was called the mother of the jaguars. She had lived so long and seen so much that she had learned many things which ordinary people do not know. Among other things she had found out how to manufacture a strange powder full of many magic qualities, and because of this powder she was greatly feared.

Now not far from the place where the witch lived, a pretty maiden grew up, bright of eye and slender and graceful like a bamboo wand, a girl as willful as she was charming, and disobedient even to her parents. As a child her favorite playground had been beneath a beautiful tree full of lovely purple blossoms which grew in great clusters. She talked to the tree as if it were a

person, naming it Ulé. As she grew to maidenhood many suitors sang her praises, seeking to wed her, but she would have none of them. Turning her back on all of them, she would run away to her flowery tree, refusing to obey her father when he asked her to be agreeable to them.

"Never yet have I seen a youth whom I'd marry," she told her father when he pointed out the fact that she was indeed most difficult to please if she did not fancy the brave hunters and prosperous young maize planters who sought her hand. "Never yet have I seen a youth whom I like as much as my tree Ulé."

The good father was worried when he heard this. "That daughter of ours has been spending too much time under the flowery trees," he told his wife. "From now on let her help at the hammock-weaving and the basket-making."

And so the girl was kept busy with the weaving. But as often as possible she carried her work with her under the branches of the purple-flowered tree, talking to it as was her custom, and stroking its smooth bark lovingly.

"I wish you were a man, dear Ulé," she said

to it one day. "If you were only a man my good father would have no need to worry because I refuse to marry; I'd marry you in a minute!"

Now it happened that the old jaguar witch was hunting nearby when she said these words.

"So this pretty little maid wants to marry a tree!" exclaimed the witch in amazement. "Why didn't she come to me? I could have made her a happy bride long ago!"

So it came to pass that the witch sprinkled some of her magic powder on the tree and it came to life, a fine youth, tall and straight and handsome.

"Who are you?" asked the pretty maiden in amazement when she looked into his deep dark eyes. "And what have you done to my tree?"

"My name is Ulé," replied the youth. "I am the tree you have always loved. Long ago your gentle touch upon my bark and your loving words to me made my heart beat fast and furiously with the great love I bore you. Now I have come to wed you at last."

Soon a wedding was held in the village and the fine young Ulé married the prettiest maiden

"So this pretty little maid wants to marry a tree!" exclaimed the witch.

among them all. Very happy were the days now for the young couple and when Ulé's little son was born their delight was pleasant indeed to watch.

Among all the brave young hunters there was none so bold as Ulé. He it was whose bow and lance brought home the richest prizes from the hunt. Then one day a sad little band of hunters returned bearing the dead body of their comrade Ulé. A jaguar had slain him in the depths of the forest.

Ulé's sad young wife refused to be comforted. Day and night her tears watered his burial place and at length it came to pass that he was once more restored to life. Then they were indeed the happiest couple in the village except for occasional moments when Ulé noticed a look of sadness creeping over his wife's face as she looked at him. The truth of the matter was that the part of his cheek where he had been injured by the jaguar's teeth had never been found. There was a horrid hole where his cheek was missing. Whenever his wife saw it her eyes would grow sad.

Then one day as Ulé journeyed through the forest with his wife and little son, they paused to rest beside a leaf-surrounded pool while birds sang to them and monkeys chattered in the trees above them. Then it was that Ulé happened for the first time to see his reflection in the smooth waters beside them. With a loud cry he sprang to his feet.

"Now I know why your eyes are sad when you look upon me!" he cried. "Now I know what has happened to me! And no matter what you hear in a minute do not look around!"

Then he embraced his wife and little son and in a moment more disappeared in the forest. His wife shed bitter tears as she ran after him, carrying their baby in her arms. Then the next moment a terrific explosion shook field and forest. The noise appeared to come from behind her, and in terror she glanced hastily over her shoulder. Then at once she remembered that this was exactly what Ulé had warned her not to do.

"Now what will happen?" she cried. "I have lost my Ulé and I have not obeyed the last

word which he spoke to me! What shall I do! What shall I do!"

Not even the singing birds and chattering monkeys answered her. There was a deep weird silence in the shady forest which a moment before had been so full of life and sound. For many days she wandered through the dark forest and then she came to a high river bank where great roots reached out black and twisted fingers as if to seize. Following the river, she arrived at a swampy place where alligators slept and where strange beasts with heads as large as houses lay hidden; then after many long hours she came to a tangled jungle full of things which crept and crawled, where great serpents twined their bodies down from the trees like lianas and where terrible voices roared so that the very trees trembled. All this time she kept the little son of Ulé clasped tightly to her side.

The next thing she knew she was stumbling into a jaguar's lair. Here was a huge jaguar mother who was kind to her but the four jaguar sons were for putting her to death at once.

"Why should we spare her?" howled one. "Is she not the wife of the hunter, Ulé?"

"Why should we spare her?" howled another. "Is it not enough that the hunters should have torn the dead Ulé from our clutches?"

"Why should we spare her?" cried another. "What good would she be to us here in our lair?"

"Why should we spare her?" growled the fiercest voice of them all. "She is tender and young and sweet and soft!"

But the old jaguar mother silenced them all. "Let us keep her here with us for a while at least," said she. "I have known her for a long time and I want to see if she has grown obedient as the years have passed by."

Ulé's wife was more dead than alive with fright and now that she had lost her husband she cared little what became of herself. Ulé's little son at her side, however, was a different matter.

"Oh, have pity upon my little child!" she begged with tears. "I do not care what you do to me if only you will spare him!"

Even the four jaguar sons were touched by her words and promised that they would take good care of the little boy.

"We will take care of you too," replied the jaguar mother, "if you will promise to do just what I tell you to do."

"I promise!" cried she. "I'll do anything!"

"The first task I am going to set for you," said the jaguar mother, "is to pick off these poisonous ants which infest our bodies and to eat them!"

Now Ulé's wife well knew that she would die in horrid torments if she ate these poisonous ants, so, seeing tiny seeds caught in the hair of the jaguars, she ate these instead, casting the ants to the ground as she picked them off. By this method she deceived all of them for a time; but soon the fourth jaguar son, he with the gruffest voice of them all and who, as she did not know, had eyes in the back of his head, spied what she was doing.

"You are cheating!" cried he in a terrible rage. "You are not eating the ants as my mother told you to do, but instead you are throwing

them on the ground where they will trouble us again."

"She lied!" cried all the four jaguar sons in chorus. "She is a cheat!"

Now not even the jaguar mother could prevent them from springing upon her and tearing her into pieces. The truth was that the jaguar mother was really the jaguar witch and could have prevented the ants from causing her death, had she been obedient. She was simply trying to find out whether the girl could be trusted to obey.

Now at first the four jaguar sons were in favor of killing the child as well as the mother.

"What you promised, you promised," said the jaguar witch to them sternly. "You told the wife of Ulé that you would spare the child and if you do not keep this promise you will be no better than she."

Thus the old jaguar mother silenced her four fierce sons. So it happened that Ulé's son was allowed to remain in the jaguar lair. He was just a tiny toddling babe when his mother brought him there and so he grew to boyhood

knowing only the life of the cave and never dreaming how different he was from the jaguars with whom he lived. There was nothing in the line of hunting which he could not do, thanks to the good training he received from the jaguars. Even his father could not have performed the feats which he could easily do when only a lad, and his father owed his great skill, undoubtedly, to the fact that he had been changed from a tree into a man by the magic powder of the jaguar witch. Soon it came to pass that the four fierce jaguar sons knew that they were not equal to competing with the boy, and the jaguar mother knew that she had reared up in her lair one who would become far more useful to her than her own sons.

Of course Ulé's son could remember nothing of his father and his mother and it was a decided surprise to him one day when he found out about them in a peculiar fashion. One day he had wounded a panther when the panther suddenly spoke to him.

"You are a fine fellow!" cried she. "I have never done you the least bit of harm in the

world, yet you are seeking to kill me. But you live in peace with the murderers of your own mother!"

To that day the boy had not known that he was not a son of the jaguar mother.

"My mother!" cried he. "My mother has not been murdered. She rules our cave and my four great brothers with a firm hand, you may be sure. Anybody would have trouble who tried to murder her!"

"You really think her to be your mother?" asked the wounded panther in amazement. "Here is a little pool of water. Look at yourself and see if you resemble the jaguar family."

And so Ulé's son studied himself carefully in the pool of water for the first time in his young life. The truth was that he had been kept so busy by the jaguar family that he had run from one task to another with never a moment to pause beside a pool and study his reflection. In fact, he instinctively may have avoided pools after the sad tragedy when his father had observed his wounded face! Now he looked long and carefully at his strong young arms and legs,

his muscular shoulders, and longest of all he gazed into the bright eyes which looked back at him from out the matted hair which covered his head.

"I never saw anything which I resemble in the least," he answered, "if indeed it be true that what I see in the pool is my own image. The flowers and trees and birds about me are all mirrored so faithfully that the same must be true of me, though I can scarcely believe it. I always supposed that I was like the rest of the jaguar family but I am not in the least like any of them."

Then the wounded panther told him the story of the tree called Ulé, who was changed into a youth by the jaguar mother when she sprinkled her magic powder over him, and how the fourth son with the eyes in the back of his head had nearly dragged Ulé away to his mother's lair. The panther told him, too, of his mother and how she met her death in the jaguar's lair.

When Ulé's son went home that night the jaguar mother eyed him very suspiciously, for she instantly perceived that some change had

come to him during the day's hunt, though he had returned with his usual supply of game and there was nothing with which she could find fault. When her four jaguar sons came home she saw what had happened.

"Murderers of my mother!" cried the son of Ulé. "Can you deny that you are her slayers?"

There was no answer, for the four jaguar brothers saw the fire in the eye of the lad and looked away. Their mother saw that vengeance had come upon them, and for once in her life she was powerless to save them. The boy looked her, too, straight in the eye and she could not meet his gaze.

With his bare hands he slew the three jaguar brothers, but the fourth one with the eyes in the back of his head was a more formidable antagonist. Together they wrestled, the boy using each trick taught him by the jaguars, until at last the mother witch saw that the struggle was going against her son.

Then she seized some of her magic powder to make him live forever, the powder which also

had the power to transport him anywhere he wished.

"The moon!" cried the dying jaguar. "Give me a place in the moon!"

Immediately, in far less time than it takes to tell about it, he was shot through the air to the moon, whose bright face was watching the struggle from the sky. There he lives to this very day, as you may see for yourself whenever you look up into the moon's face. And since then the jaguars all like to hunt at night because of his presence there to watch over them and give them good hunting.

But Ulé's son seems to have felt a real affection for the witch jaguar who had brought him up so carefully and so well, for now that she had no sons of her own to hunt for her and help her with her magic he stayed with her in the cave, bringing her plenty of game to eat and making the magic powder which long ago had been sprinkled over him so thoroughly when he was helping in its manufacture that he lives eternally, just as does she and her jaguar son in the moon. And he has been more useful in

aiding her than her own sons ever were, they say. Ulé's son and the witch jaguar are still living in the cave in the jungle where the bright rays of the sun never enter, it is said, and even yet their magic powder is a thing to be feared.

To-day in many places in South America it is the swiftly speeding monster known as the automobile which mothers teach their children to fear just as in "America do Norte", but also there are many places where the fear of the jaguar witch even yet is taught to the little ones.

XXIII

HOW THE TORTOISE CONQUERED HIS ENEMIES

The tortoise family is a very good family indeed. So old is it that it traces its ancestry back to those days when the great Rairu led the First Peoples out from the huge cave in the earth. When one belongs to one of the "first families" one does not like to be imposed upon, and the tortoise, just like anybody else, objected decidedly.

One day Mr. Tortoise happened to be enjoying his dinner under a fruit tree where the ripe fruit had fallen. A very good dinner it was, too. Along came Mr. Elk, just as he was in the midst of a luscious mango.

"Get out of my way, Mr. Tortoise," cried he. "Get out of my way!"

"I happen to have been here first," answered Mr. Tortoise with dignity. "And furthermore, I intend to stay here. I am within my rights; this happens to be my own fruit tree."

"Get out of my way, Mr. Tortoise," ordered the elk, as if he had not heard a word the tortoise had been saying. "Get out of my way, or I'll trample you under my foot!"

"Aren't you noble?" asked Mr. Tortoise sarcastically.

Then the big elk stepped on the poor little tortoise, crushing him cruelly.

"Never mind, Mr. Elk," cried the injured tortoise. "Just wait until the rainy season when I am well once more. Then you will meet me again."

The weeks flew by until at last the rainy season had arrived. By that time the tortoise was entirely well once more. Slowly he journeyed along the path by the great river until he came to the elk's track.

"How long ago did your father leave you?" he asked.

"It was a long time ago," replied the track. "Why do you ask?"

"I am going to keep an appointment with your father," replied Mr. Tortoise, and he hastened along his way.

After going for a long distance he again met the track of the elk, so he stopped with the question, "Where is your father?"

"My father is at a two days' journey from here," answered the track. "Why do you seek him?"

"I want to have a little chat with him," replied the tortoise as he went on as fast as possible.

After two days' journey the tortoise again met a track. "Where is your father?" were his words as soon as he saw it.

"My father is taking a little nap here on the river bank," replied the track. "But why do you inquire?"

"Not for nothing!" answered the tortoise, as he hastened to the bank of the river.

"Where is your master?" asked he of the river.

"My master is sleeping," responded the river. "And my advice to you would be that you do not disturb him. I happen to know what he did to you a few weeks back, and it is likely to happen to you again if he sees you."

"We shall see!" answered the tortoise, as he hastened to the spot where the elk lay sleeping.

Then the tortoise sprang upon the elk's throat, clinging fast as he asked, "Have I met you, Mr. Elk, or have I not?"

The elk could not answer. In fright he sprang up, running at a fearful speed up and down the river bank. He ran back and forth until he dropped dead.

"Have I slain you or have I not?" asked Mr. Tortoise then.

There was no reply, so he went to call his relatives to celebrate the event with a great feast.

Then the jaguar heard him calling.

"Why are you calling all your relatives?" asked he.

"I am celebrating an elk hunt," answered Mr. Tortoise.

"Do you mean to say, Mr. Tortoise, that you have killed the elk?" asked Mr. Jaguar. "I will never believe it until I see it with my own eyes."

So Mr. Tortoise led him to the river bank

where the elk lay. The jaguar was greatly amazed.

"Don't you want me to divide him into pieces for you?" asked Mr. Jaguar politely. "I'd like to do that to help you."

"Yes, please, Mr. Jaguar," answered the tortoise gratefully. "You are very kind to offer. I was worrying about how I was going to do it."

"Don't worry any more, Mr. Tortoise," said the jaguar. "Just run along and get some wood for a fire and leave everything else to me!"

Then the tortoise went for the wood and the jaguar divided the elk into many portions which he ate himself. When the tortoise returned with his wood there was little left of the feast.

"You will see me again!" said he to the jaguar when he saw what he had done.

Now after a few days' time the tortoise happened to be under a mango tree where the monkeys were eating the mangoes.

"Good morning," he called out. "How are the mangoes to-day?"

"They are very fine indeed, Mr. Tortoise!" replied the monkeys.

"Throw down some of them to me, please," said the tortoise. "You see there are none of them on the ground where I can get them."

"Come on up, Mr. Tortoise," answered the monkeys. "Help yourself!"

"How can I get up into the mango tree?" asked Mr. Tortoise.

"We'll come down to get you," answered the monkeys. "We'll carry you up!"

So the monkeys carried the tortoise up into the big mango tree. There he ate all the mangoes he wanted. But then the monkeys ran away laughing, leaving him there.

Along came Mr. Jaguar. Looking up into the tree, he spied the tortoise.

"Good morning, Mr. Tortoise," said he. "How did you get up there?"

"You did not know that I can climb trees, did you, Mr. Jaguar?" asked the tortoise. "You do not know everything!"

"Come down, Mr. Tortoise!" growled the jaguar. "Come down and I'll gobble you up."

"Then open wide your big mouth, Mr.

Jaguar!" cried the tortoise. "I do not want to fall on the ground!"

So Mr. Jaguar opened wide his great jaws and Mr. Tortoise threw himself down on his head, striking him with such force that he was killed.

"Have I met you or haven't I, Mr. Jaguar?" asked Mr. Tortoise then.

After that Mr. Tortoise went along his way sadly, remembering those days long ago in the beginning of time when life was not such a struggle, because, you see, he belongs to a very old family indeed.

"And here is somebody else who needs me to teach him a lesson," said Mr. Tortoise one day, when the wild cat wanted to bet with him.

"Very well," replied he. "I'll wager that I can go longer than you without eating!"

"Agreed!" cried Mr. Wildcat.

So the tortoise went for two years without eating. That was nothing at all for him because nature had made him that way. But Mr. Wildcat died after going without food for only a short time.

"Do not try to follow another's example unless you are fitted by nature to do the same thing!" said Mr. Tortoise, when he saw how easily he had won the bet.

XXIV

THE FLIGHT OF TIRI

Long ago there was a woman who had an only son Tiri. In great peace and contentment they lived together in a little house in Brazil, as happy as happy can be except for two or three things. One of these was that the little agouti was always stealing the mandiocas from the garden.

"With such a little pest as the agouti living near me, I can never raise enough mandiocas to keep us alive!" scolded the mother. "It nearly drives me crazy."

The other worry was a far more serious affair. Near their little home lived a wicked witch, hard of eye and thin of lip, with such an enormous appetite that she destroyed and stole much more food than did all the animal pests put together. She had lived so long that everybody had grown quite accustomed to having her rob them.

If a fat pig or a goat had been carried away in

the night the owner simply would shrug his shoulders, saying, "It was old Ceiuci, the witch! What can one do about it!"

Then his neighbors would tell of the things she had stolen from them and of what they remembered to have heard their grandfathers tell of having had stolen. Indeed it seemed to be almost a source of pride to them to have suffered misfortune at the hands of Ceiuci. The man who bragged most loudly of them all was one whose little sister had been spirited away during a moonlight night when the rest of them were lying fast asleep. This old Indian was never tired of telling about it all, describing the great charm of his pretty little sister and the great excitement her disappearance had created in the village. When the mother of little Tiri listened to his tale she always kept a close watch over her son for many days afterward.

The years sped by and Tiri grew strong and straight and tall, sharp of eye and clever indeed at hunting and fishing. Though his mother still feared that the witch Ceiuci might steal him from her she said nothing of it. If she had done

so her neighbors would have laughed at her, for stealing a youth as big and strong as was Tiri seemed ridiculous enough. Not even the oldest inhabitant of the village could remember her taking anything more than tiny children and the dumb beasts.

Now it happened one day that Tiri went to the river to fish. As he had little luck, something quite contrary to what happened usually when he went fishing, the boy grew tired and climbed into a tree to rest. There he sat dreaming of the great things he would do when he was a man, the sun casting his shadow on the quiet water beneath where he sat.

Suddenly he heard a hoarse, cackling laugh beneath him and to his horror he beheld Ceiuci the witch throwing her line at his shadow! Though he had never seen her before, there was no mistaking her hideous, cruel face and long-fingered hands which looked like the roots of trees.

"Now will I have a choice, juicy bit of meat for my dinner!" cackled the hoarse voice. "It will be a meal to my taste!"

You may be sure that cold chills were running up and down Tiri's spine. He thought of his mother at home weaving her hammocks and the little garden from which the agouti might be stealing the mandiocas at that very moment. Just then the witch noticed that she was fishing for nothing but a shadow! Looking up, she spied the frightened lad in the tree!

"So that is where you are," cackled Ceiuci. "And you are doubtless mocking me for fishing after your shadow! Now we shall see who does the mocking!"

She threw her line at the tree where it became entangled with the leaves, and she grew angrier than ever before it at last was unwound.

"Come down where I can catch you!" she called out.

Now Tiri was so frightened that it would have been a physical impossibility for him to climb down from the tree. He sat just where he was, covered with gooseflesh and not daring to move or speak. Then suddenly he became aware of falling into the water in spite of his frantic efforts to cling to the branches of the

tree for support. There seemed no resisting the song of the old witch which she kept mumbling as she walked around the tree in circles. This is what she sang:

"Juicy dinner in a tree,
Fall down to me! Fall down to me!"

A moment more and Tiri felt himself snared by the witch's line and drawn out of the river to the shore. Then he felt her bony, grasping hands seize him, dragging him away through the forest. All the time she was half mumbling, half singing:

"Cooked just right and served for dinner,
This will keep me from growing thinner!"

Then, more dead than alive from his fright and bruises, poor Tiri knew that he was being shut up in the witch's cupboard while she went in search of wood to light the fire to cook her dinner, mumbling:

"Fire burn and kettle boil!
Meat all cooked and steaming!
That is rest from daily toil!
Life is sweet as dreaming!"

Indeed, it all seemed like a bad dream to Tiri. Often at night he had dreamed of horrible things which sent him rolling close to his mother. This had been when he was a little boy, and now he wished for his mother even more than then. Suddenly he heard the door of the cupboard open a tiny crack.

Then he heard the sweetest voice he had ever heard in his life saying, "You are much too nice for my mother to eat for dinner!"

A bright dark eye was close to the crack of the door and in a moment it was thrown wide open. A soft, warm little hand was thrust into his and the sweet voice was saying most surprising things.

"Come with me!" were the words. "I am going to hide you so my mother cannot cook you for her dinner!"

The witch's daughter was the prettiest girl Tiri had ever seen and he thought at once of the story which the old villager had told him so often about his pretty sister who had been stolen by the witch. Evidently the witch had adopted her instead of eating her and

by her magic had prevented her from growing older.

So Tiri was hidden securely in a hollow tree, not so far away that he could not hear the witch scolding her daughter when she found that the meat for her dinner had vanished.

"Wicked girl," she was saying. "You must have helped my meat to escape. You know that nothing but meat agrees with me! How could you be so unkind to me? I am tempted to eat yourself instead of that fine fat youth I had planned for dinner."

That night when the moon was shining and Tiri was half asleep in spite of being cramped uncomfortably in the hollow log, he felt the girl's soft fingers grasp his.

"We must run away from here," she whispered. "My mother is so angry that she will do something dreadful to me. She did not have dinner enough without you and now she is away hunting her breakfast. Now is the time for us to flee from this place as fast as we can."

So Tiri and the witch's daughter ran away as quietly and as rapidly as they could. It was

nearly daybreak and they had gone for a long distance through the forest when they heard somebody running after them.

"It is the witch!" cried Tiri, as he heard her hoarse, cackling laugh and caught her song:

"So they thought they'd run away!
They'll not live another day!
They must die! Hungry am I!"

Now the witch's adopted daughter had lived with her quite long enough to learn some of her tricks. Seizing some of the palm leaves, she threw them in Ceiuci's path, calling out to them:

"Pretty palm leaves from the tree,
Change for me! Oh, change for me!
Listen to me when I call!
Change you all! Oh, change you all!
Sheep! Oh, sheep!"

To Tiri's great amazement he saw as many fine sheep in the witch's pathway as there had been palm leaves scattered there.

"How did that happen?" he cried in relief. "You are the most wonderful girl in all the world!"

Indeed, the witch's daughter appeared to be decidedly pleased with the praise which Tiri bestowed upon her, shyly veiling her lovely dark eyes as she answered, "Oh, it was nothing at all. It was just as easy as could be for me to do it."

There were so many sheep growing from the palm leaves that old Ceiuci had a good supply of meat for many weeks. For a long time Tiri and the girl had journeyed on through the forest in peace, so happy that at moments they even forgot all about the wicked witch. They were not to forget her for long, however, for once more they heard her coming behind them, cackling, "Hungry am I! Hungry am I!"

Again the girl seized palm leaves to throw in the pathway of old Ceiuci, calling out as she did so:

"Pretty palm leaves from the tree,
Change for me! Oh, change for me!
Listen to me when I call,
Change you all! Oh, change you all!
Armadillo! Armadillo!"

He saw as many fine sheep in the witch's pathway as there had been palm leaves scattered there.

"Why didn't you give her some more fat sheep?" asked Tiri. "They appeared to keep her from being hungry for a long time!"

"I can never use the same animal twice!" replied the girl. "If one could, I suppose that the animals might get used up so there would be no more of them in the world. But do not worry. Just leave that to me. I happen to know that Ceiuci is very fond indeed of the armadillo and I have left her a good supply of them."

So they made haste to get away as rapidly as possible while the witch had plenty of armadillos for dinner. Each time they heard her coming behind them the girl would scatter new palm leaves, changing them each to a new piece of meat for her dinner. It went on like that for years and years. They had wandered everywhere, and at last the whole list of animals in the world was entirely exhausted.

"I cannot think of a single other kind of meat to give her!" cried the girl at last, who was just as young and pretty as when they set out, although Tiri himself was rapidly growing old.

Tiri was now thoroughly alarmed. Always

before there had been something to give Ceiuci, but now if all the animals had been used up, perhaps the next thing would be to offer himself to the witch for her dinner. He did not relish the idea a bit more than when he had been a boy shut up in Ceiuci's cupboard, waiting for her to gather the wood for her fire.

"What are we going to do about it?" Tiri asked anxiously.

"That is what I am trying to decide," answered the girl. "Of course I can transform myself into a bird at any time but if I do that I can never come back to you."

"That will be all right," answered Tiri at once, "I do not mind being a bird in the least if you are one, too."

"But that causes all the difficulty," she answered sadly. "I can change myself into a bird, but I know no magic to change you into one, too!"

At these words Tiri grew sad indeed and thoughtful. But something had to be done at once. They had to act quickly when they heard Ceiuci again approaching with her cry:

"So they thought they'd run away!
They'll not live another day!
They must die!
Hungry am I!"

"What next?" cried Tiri, as he caught the girl to him.

"Good-by," she whispered as she embraced him. "Hide here and I will lead my mother away from the trail. Whenever you hear a bird singing, 'kan! kan! kankan!' you will know that my mother is coming!"

"And will you be the bird which sings kan! kan! kankan?" Tiri asked, but the girl had already changed herself into a bird and had flown away through the forest.

Now these days Tiri was very lonely. He was almost happy when he heard the song of the bird "kan! kan! kankan!" for he believed that his dear one was near. That thought filled his heart with such joy that he almost forgot to be afraid of the witch. But the bird flew about so anxiously that a bright idea flashed into his mind. He ran to the monkeys for help.

"Oh, monkeys!" cried he. "Hide me! Hide me!"

Then the monkeys helped him at once, hiding him skillfully in the tree tops where the sun did not shine upon him to throw down his shadow. Indeed they had covered him so completely with leaves that he could not have recognized his own shadow if he had seen it. Ceiuci passed by with her weird cry, "Hungry! Hungry!"

When she was safely gone on her way, Tiri lost no time in running in the opposite direction as soon as he had thanked his kind friends, the monkeys. He traveled about in peace for some years before he again heard the sound of the bird's voice, kan! kan! kankan!

This time he went to the serpents for help, crying out to them, "Aid me, good serpents! Hide me! Hide me!"

At his call the great serpents slowly swung themselves down from the trees, coiling their huge bodies very gently about Tiri and covering him so completely that not even his own mother would have dreamed that he was there. Ceiuci

passed by very rapidly without stopping or even glancing in their direction.

Now perhaps it was because Tiri had traveled for so many years with the witch's daughter that he had learned a great deal about understanding the beasts of the forests and jungles and all the flying things and creeping things. At any rate while he was lying so closely bound by the serpents he could understand what they were saying among themselves.

"Why should we save this old man?" asked one of the serpents of his wife. "What has he ever done for us?"

"Why, indeed?" answered she. "Perhaps we are doing well to save him from this witch whom he seems to fear, but what about enjoying a meal of him ourselves?"

You may be sure that Tiri was very glad when the serpents unwound themselves from about his body and he hurried away from them as rapidly as possible. It seemed a bit difficult to escape them, so he asked the snake-eating birds for aid.

"Oh, Macauhau! Macauhau!" he cried at the top of his voice. "Come and help me!"

Immediately the snake-eating birds came flying up from all directions and it was they who enjoyed a good dinner instead of the serpents. Tiri thanked them politely and went on his way to the great river.

"Now how am I going to get across?" he asked. "Who will help me now?"

Immediately, as if in answer to his cry, there appeared a great host of herons who at once carried him across the mighty river.

"Thank you, kind herons," said he, when he was safe on the other side. "You have been a great help to me."

Then Tiri walked on and on until he came to a little house where a little old woman, very aged and bent, was scolding because the agouti was stealing her mandiocas.

"With such a little pest as the agouti living near me, I can never raise enough mandiocas to keep me alive!" she was saying. "It nearly drives me crazy!"

"Why, that sounds familiar!" cried Tiri. "It is my own dear mother. I wonder if she recognizes me after all these years!"

In spite of the fact that Tiri, who had vanished when he was a fair young lad, tall and straight and bright-eyed, was now an old man, worn with his many long journeyings about the world, his mother recognized him at once.

"My Tiri!" cried she in amazed joy. "I believed that it was Ceiuci the witch who stole you from me! What have you been doing all this time and where have you been?"

Then Tiri told his mother the long story of his flight from Ceiuci and they lived together very happily in the little house with the pleasant garden from which the agouti kept stealing the mandiocas. It was very restful and peaceful indeed for Tiri, you may be sure. And the old witch Ceiuci wandered on to the sky, where she became the Pleiades.

"There is no rest in all the whole wide world like the abiding shelter of one's mother's love," Tiri told his old mother over and over again.

XXV

THE STORY OF THE FLUTE

Old Maria, the ama, was looking very fine indeed that morning. Her snowy camisa, adorned with the fine pillow lace she had made with her own hands, was partially covered, on the left shoulder at least, with her best shawl of bright magenta, adorned with soft blue embossed flowers. Her skirt was of a rich blue and yellow calico, stiffly starched, and beneath it her dark ankles and red and yellow slippers with wooden heels lifted with excited patters. She had accompanied the children to the music-teacher's house that morning, reporting to me that the music had been very grand indeed when the children had practiced their lesson.

"And once," she added, "they say there was no music in the world except the song of the birds and the voice of the waterfalls and the gentle mumuring of the little brooks and rivers and the deep voice of the sea as it breaks against the

rocks. I heard this from my mother's mother, and she from the mother of her mother."

"Tell me all about it," I begged, dropping the letters from "the States" which the little river boat had just brought me.

In those days when there was no music in the world except the songs of the winds and waters and of the birds, a little boy was born whose name was Miló. He was a child fair to look upon, tall and straight, and with soft dark eyes full of a strange fire. Even as a tiny lad he sang songs which brought the birds to listen to him.

As he grew older birds from all the world came to hear him, land birds and sea birds, river birds and lake birds, birds which flew and birds which waded. There were quiet little brown and gray birds and birds which surpassed even the rainbow itself with their gorgeous coloring. There came song birds whose own voices were like the sound of golden bells, like bells of silver, like living sparks of sound rising from the anvil of their tiny throats. When Miló sang the very birds

were hushed, and once when he had finished a glorious burst of melody a great bird with jet black wings, a scarlet breast and feathers on head and back of green and gold flew down out of the sky, perching itself upon the lad's shoulder.

Now the wise ones of the tribe shook their heads very mournfully at this, whispering one to another, "It is not good that such songs should burst from mortal throat."

Soon people from far and wide came flocking to the place where Miló lived. All day they would stand listening to his songs as if they were enchanted, and the old women would say to each other, "This thing is not a good thing. Some great evil will come of it."

Now one day it so happened that all the inhabitants of a little fishing village by the sea journeyed for many leagues to listen to the songs which Miló sang, the music of which they had heard tell so often. Then when they had returned home at nightfall and prepared their supper of fish, roasted over the coals, it came to pass that every man and woman and little child in the whole village was seized with terrible

pains and torments. When the morning sun rose from out the great sea all the people of that village who had listened to the songs of Miló the preceding day lay dead upon the sands of the beach.

Their kinsfolk of the neighboring village then decided that there must be a stop put to these songs which so bewitched the folk of the whole countryside. They burned the bodies of their dead friends and neighbors, crying out, "The songs of Miló shall cease; they shall be heard no more in the land!"

So they built a great funeral pyre and sent their chiefs to capture the singing lad.

"What harm have I done?" asked he, as they stood before him, accusing him. "I have only sung the songs which were in my soul!"

But he was seized and bound and led away to the huge funeral pyre. And Miló died with a song upon his lips.

From the ashes it is said that there sprang that same day a long green blade which grew and grew. In another day it had become a high tree, the first paxiuba palm. From its wood

men made fine flutes which gave forth the same wonderful melodies which the boy Miló had sung, the flutes which to this day men blow upon when they celebrate with music and dancing the ripening of the fruits. To this day it is a feast which only strong men may bear to attend. Women and little boys must never watch this dance and it is death for them even to look upon these flutes.

XXVI

IN THE DAYS OF THE AMAZONS

One day I happened to be wearing an old jade pendant which my sister had given me. Maria noticed it immediately.

"This is very like the Amazon stone," said she, after she had examined it carefully. "Does the Senhora, perchance, happen to be descended from one to whom the Amazon stone was given?"

Now of course I had seen Amazon stones in museums, and I had read how in 1540, when Francisco de Orellana sailed down the great South American river, he had given it the name of Amazon because of the women warriors he had encountered there, but Maria had never been in a museum and was only just learning to read as the children taught her from their primer. How did she know anything about the Amazon stone? Thrilled by the question, I asked her this, and then I heard from her lips the story which she had from her mother and her mother from the mother of her mother.

Once upon a time, ages and ages ago when men were ever seeking to kill their enemies, it so happened that the women grew weary of being abandoned for warfare. Always their husbands were away killing somebody and when they came home their bodies were hideous with arrow wounds. Sometimes they never returned. Then it came to pass that one of the women, bolder than the rest, thought of a method by which they might be cured of their warlike habits. Very simple indeed it sounded as she suggested it.

"Come, let us abandon our men!" cried she. "Now for many long years, as I have heard from the mother of my mother, have they left their wives and little ones, preferring cruel battles to the life of peace about the fireside. It is high time they were taught a good lesson!"

"Yes," cried her hearers. "Let us teach them a lesson! If it is fair for them to leave us, it is equally fair for us to leave them!"

So the women planned and plotted to go away. All their little sons were to be left behind for the men to find when they returned; only little daughters were to be taken. This caused

trouble at once, for there was many a mother among them who sorely hated to leave her little son.

"But we must do this so that men may appreciate the worth of women!" cried their leader. "We must do this that they may learn the folly of the way they have been living!"

So the mothers sorrowfully bade farewell to their little sons. There were aged grandfathers too, who had been far too old and weak to go to war. These also were left behind with the boys. Among all the number, however, there was one daughter who could not abandon her old father, who in his day had been a high chief among the people and a famous leader.

"If you insist of taking him with you it will set a bad example to the other women!" she was told, but she stood firmly.

"Where I go, there goes my father," were her words. "I stand by him even unto death."

Try as they would they could not persuade her to abandon him, although it was really unfortunate, as it turned out, that he was allowed to accompany the expedition.

Now when the men returned from battle it was a desolate village which they found. Nobody was in it except a few small boys and a few old men! No wives to cook their food! No mothers to bind up their bloody wounds! No little maidens to listen wide-eyed to their tales of prowess! When they heard what the women had done they could hardly believe the sad news.

"We must hasten after them at once!" cried one.

"Perhaps they will be sorry and return of their own free will!" suggested another. "That would be far better, for in that case we would not lose our dignity. Really don't you think it would be a bit undignified if we ran after them?"

"But why do you think they would come back at all?" asked one of the boys. "You did not see how proudly they marched away, singing. You did not hear how they talked about their plan for many days."

"I never in my life heard of such nonsense!" cried each man. That was a thing they all agreed upon, that it was utter nonsense for the women to have behaved in that unheard-of fashion.

"They cannot get along without us for many days!" chuckled one of the hopeful husbands.

"But when you were away fighting, father," discouraged his small son, "you know there were many days when they got along without you. Mother and the other women managed very well too. There was always plenty to eat."

"But this is different!" cried his father sternly. "You do not know what you are talking about!"

However, after turning the matter over for a day or two, it was agreed that the wisest thing to do was to send those men who had returned from battle with the fewest scars in pursuit of their mothers, wives and daughters.

From the beginning there was trouble. In the first place the monkeys threw branches at them, chattering and scolding so that they had to proceed very slowly. Then, to make matters as bad as possible, the curupira led them astray in the forest. Try as they would, it was days and days before they could find their way out. Following the women was a much more difficult problem than they had anticipated.

"We seem to be lost ourselves," remarked one

of the warriors. "If we cannot keep ourselves from getting lost, how can we keep our women from it?" And at this it seemed that the whole forest echoed with scornful laughter.

But the men were not easily discouraged. On and on they went through forest and jungle, ever following the path of the river, for that was the only one where it would be possible for the women to advance.

Now the women had gone down the river called Jamundá and they had established themselves very nicely with their maize fields already planted and their leaf-thatched houses already built by the time the men at last succeeded in overtaking them. The leaders of the women went out to treat with the men, meeting them on a high rock.

"Never will we return!" cried they, when their husbands asked them what time they were coming home. "This is life! This is freedom!"

Try as best they could, appealing to their sympathies by telling them of the utter loneliness of their little sons without them, speaking to them of the neglected condition of the village

without them, saying all sorts of long-forgotten words of love and tenderness, the abandoned men at last were obliged to own that their mission was little better than useless. The most they could persuade their wives to concede was to meet them once a year at the great rock.

So the men went home defeated, yielding meekly to the idea of the yearly reunion. And every year the women kept their promise and returned to the great rock. Here they celebrated a festival which they dedicated to the moon, the mother of the Amazon stone, that mysterious stone which, when exposed to the sun's rays, could be changed to any shape one wished. And one of these stones was given to every man who became the father of a baby daughter. The boy babies were given to their fathers.

Now it so happened that one of the Amazon women became the mother of a tiny boy baby, all scarred and deformed.

"He is such a weak, sickly little thing he will die anyway!" thought she. "I'll keep the poor mite a few days."

So she hid the baby in the grotto which she had discovered on the bank of a lake. With herbs such as she had often used to treat the wounds of the warriors in other days, she now treated the tiny babe. Soon, because of her good care, he had become large and as robust as any child of his age. Then it was that she knew she had grown so fond of him that she could not bear to give him up according to the law among the women.

"What will the other women say if they happen to find him?" she asked herself over and over again. "Will they slay him and me also?"

Very carefully she kept him safely hidden in the lonely grotto, visiting him only to bring him food and drink. And the child thrived amazingly. Then one day she put him in a mandioca sack to hide him when she fancied she heard the sound of footsteps approaching. When she took him out again, he had grown handsome, the most beautiful child she had ever seen. Now each day found him more firmly entrenched in his mother's love. There never was and never had been a child to compare with him!

As the boy grew older it became increasingly difficult to keep him safely hidden from spying eyes. At last the day came when she knew he was discovered by the other women. But did they upbraid her for what she had done? Far from it!

"Where did you get that lovely little boy?" the women asked. "He is the most wonderful child I ever saw. The little girls are of no account in comparison to him!"

Up to that time the aged chieftain had been the favored one when it came to getting the choicest bits of food. Life had been sweet and easy indeed for him. Now all that was changed, and to the little lad were brought the most delicious offerings.

"Hide me, Mother!" cried he at last to her. "Hide me from the women! They torment me from morning until night. Always they are giving me things to eat when I can eat no more. Always they are admiring my hair, my eyes, the very words I say when I speak to them!"

He begged so hard that his mother finally did as he asked and threw him into the lake. There

he was transformed into a fish. Every Saturday when his mother stood on the bank and called, he changed into his own form, coming ashore for the food she brought him.

All went well for many moons but then again the women spied upon his mother and found out that he was still alive. Then the aged chieftain was once more neglected. So jealous did he become at last that he made a net and went to the lake to fish for the lad. The fine young fish who was a boy on Saturdays was so strong that he at once broke the net, leaving the old man with nothing in the net but water beetles and sticky weeds, mud and wriggling creatures. However, the hobbling old fisherman did not despair and each day found him making a new net stronger than the one the preceding day.

At last the crafty old chieftain thought of a sure way to obtain a net strong enough to catch the fish. He went to each and every one of the women of the tribe.

"It seems to me you have been somewhat neglectful of me recently," said he to each one

of them. "No longer do you bring me your choicest treasures."

Then every woman among them would deny her lack of thoughtfulness for his welfare. Each one of them gave him a lock of her dark hair as a token of her faithfulness. And now from the hair of the women it was possible for the chieftain to weave a fine, strong net. So unbreakable were its slender meshes that at last it was possible to drag ashore the fish along with the scum and weeds and water beetles. A moment more and the fish was put to death.

"At last I am free from this trouble!" gloated the old man, chuckling in wicked glee. "Now once more the women will see to it that I get the choicest bits of food and the many privileges which were rightfully mine. Now they will see what happens when they put another in my place!"

But when the women learned what had happened it turned out far otherwise than he expected. They mourned for the dead youth and toward the slayer their anger knew no bounds.

"Now we see what a mistake it was to bring the old man with us!" they cried. "He should have been left behind with the rest of the men! No matter how old a man is, he is not to be trusted among us!"

The next morning the aged chieftain awoke to find the place deserted. He called his daughter and he called the other women who lived near. Nobody answered. Soon the fact dawned upon him that he had been abandoned. Hobbling along as best he could, he followed the path down the river by which it was evident that they had gone. It seemed that the very ground had grown alive with spiders and lizards. Thousands of lizards barred his pathway while thousands of spiders crawled about him, biting him, torturing him until he cried aloud in his agony.

At last, ahead of him in the bend of the pathway, he caught a glimpse of women's garments fluttering in the sunshine; the winds brought to him the sound of their voices as they sang along the march. Making a supreme effort, he hastened after them, brushing frantically

at the spiders and trampling the lizards underfoot. Then suddenly the forest seemed alive with serpents. Huge snakes twined their slimy bodies down from the trees; his pathway was alive with their coils and undulations. Looking ahead, he saw the ground open before the women and beheld them disappear forever, led by an armadillo and the curupira.

Bursting into loud wailings, the old man sat down where he was, abandoning the pursuit. Now there was nothing for him to do but make a new clearing in the forest and cultivate his own maize and mandioca. There was not a single woman left to help him.

"Even my own daughter has abandoned me!" cried he. "I am left utterly desolate!"

Suddenly his surprised eyes saw a snow-white parrot on the tree above his head. Then he heard her say, "I am the only woman who ever loved you. I am the only one entirely faithful!"

In her voice he recognized his own daughter who had loved him so well and who had cared for him so faithfully.

"Now am I happy once more!" cried he in

thanksgiving. "Life has left me one love, faithful to the end."

But the women never returned home. However, in other places along the bank of the world's mightiest river, they increased in numbers, growing and thriving. Have not very many truthful historians, among them Sir Walter Raleigh, told us how at last they seem to have copied the very habit for which their husbands were abandoned, the habit of waging war? Teaching the men a lesson appears to have resulted somewhat differently than was planned in the beginning.